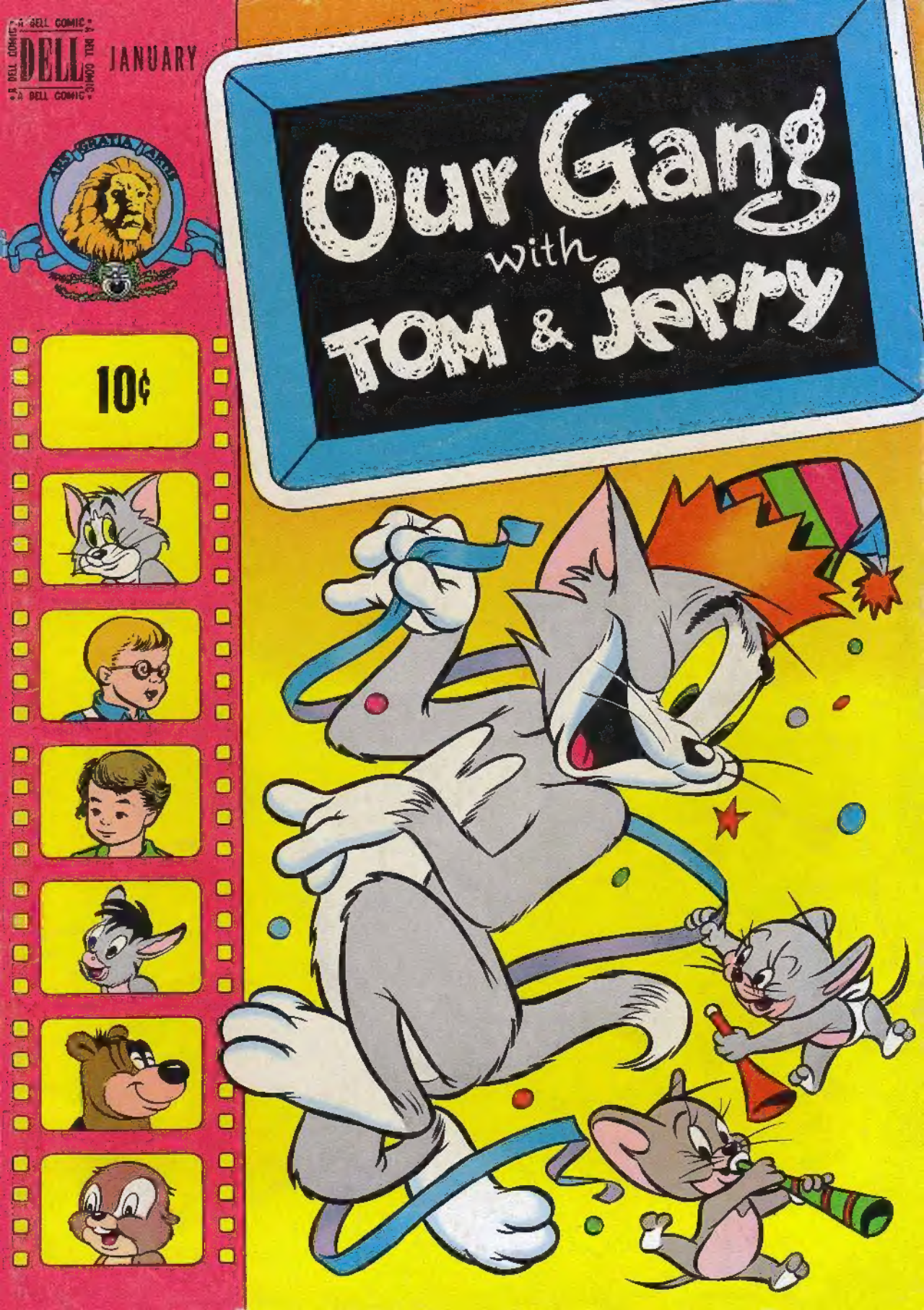
A DELL COMIC

DELL

JANUARY

Our Gang with Tom & Jerry

10¢



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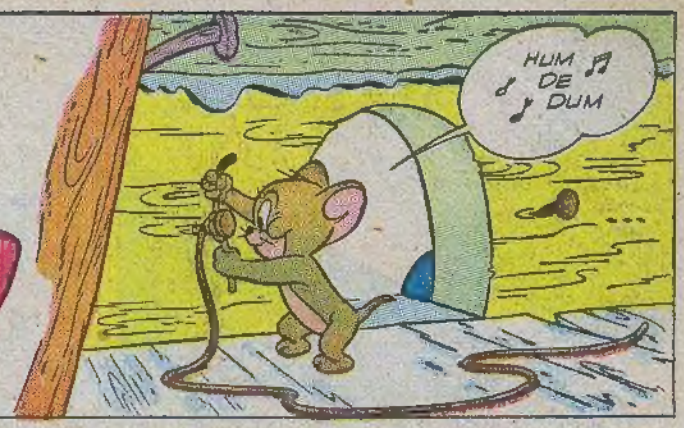
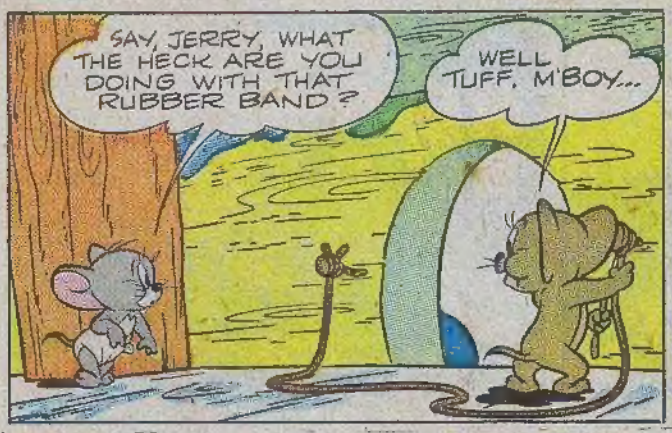
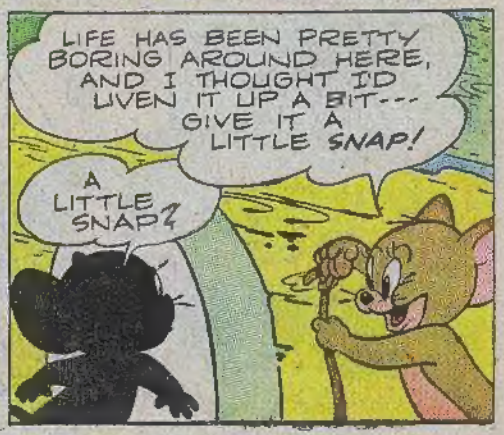
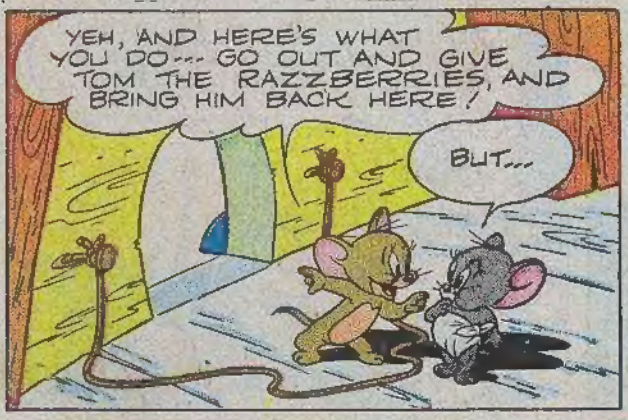
M·G·M· CARTOONS present

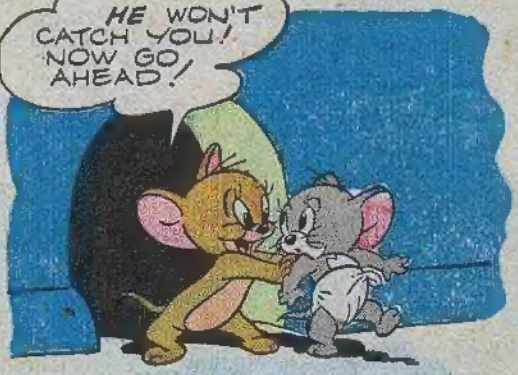
TOM and JERRY

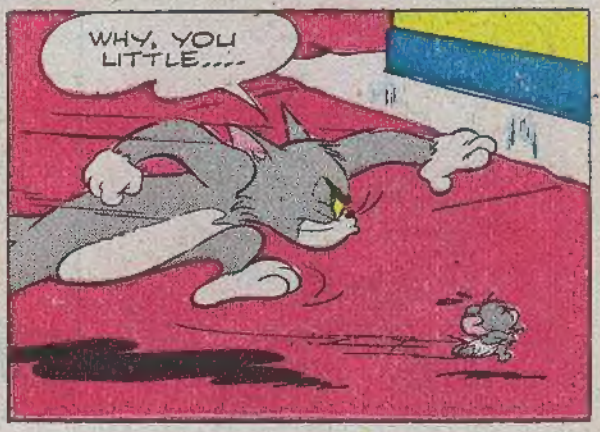


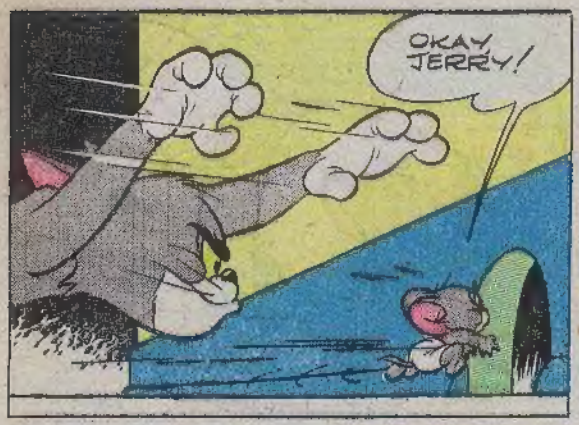


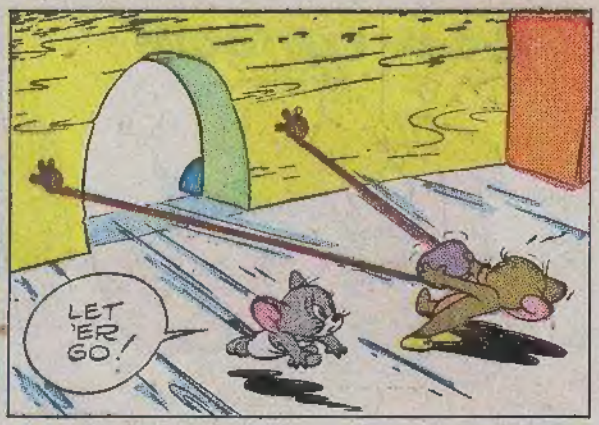


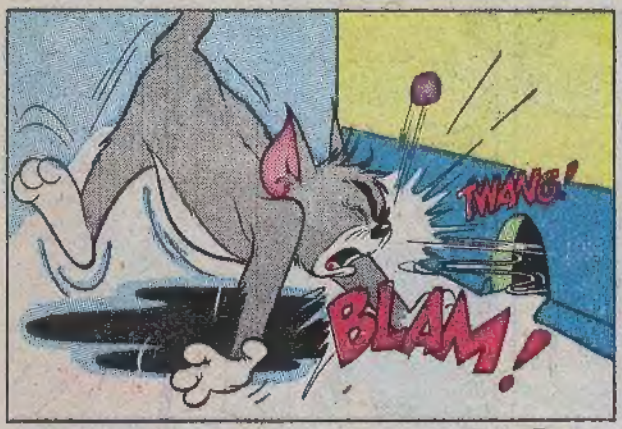


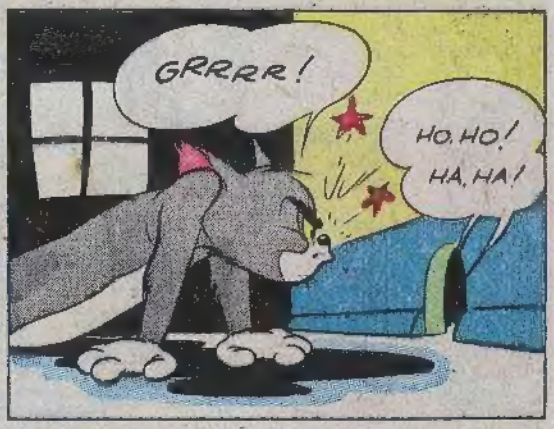


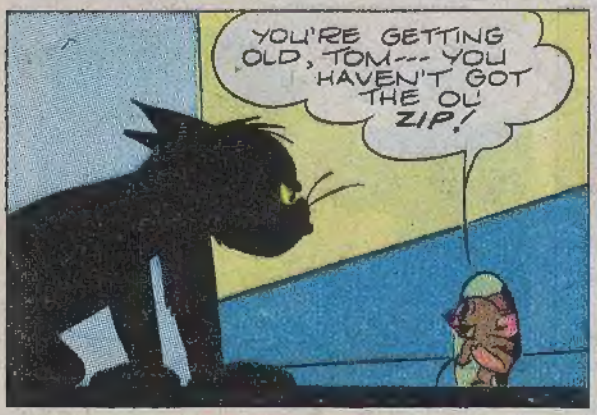



OKAY, JERRY!


LET 'ER GO!

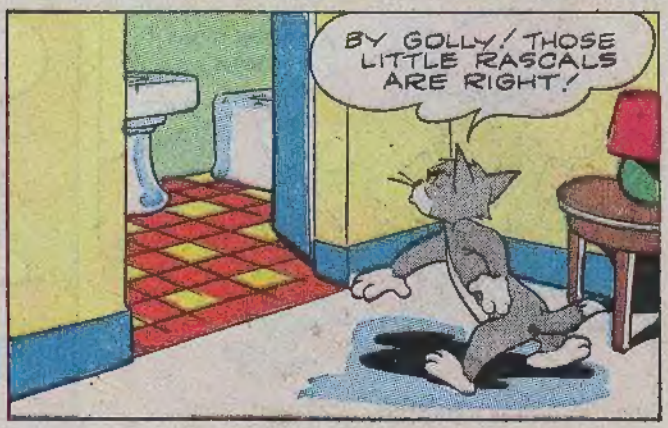

TWANG!
BLAM!

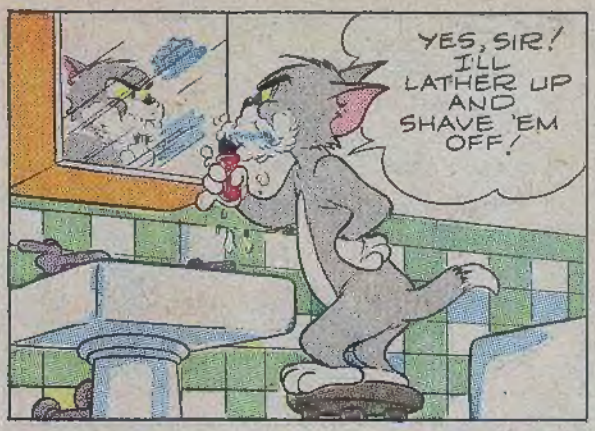

GRRRR!
HO, HO! HA, HA!

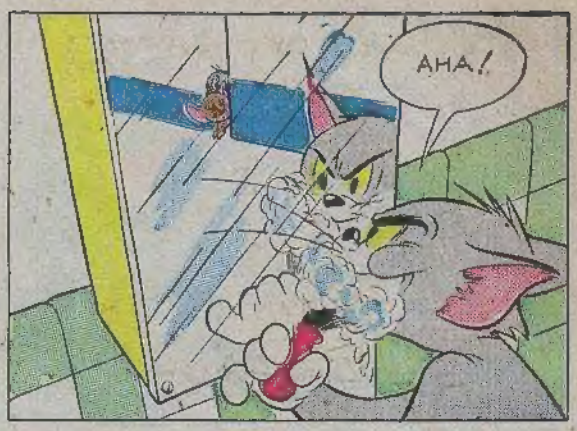

YOU'RE GETTING OLD, TOM--- YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE OL' ZIP!

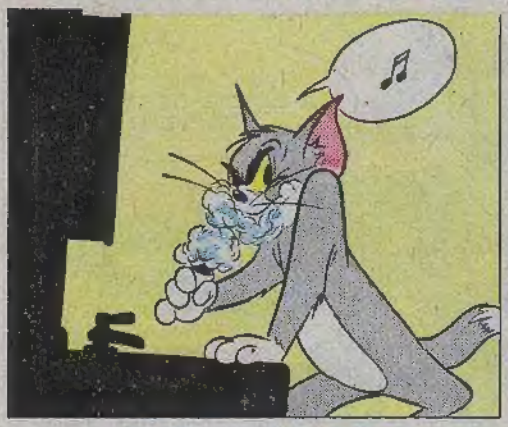
HE'S EVEN GROWIN' A BEARD! LOOKIT TH' WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN! HO, HO!
HA, HA!

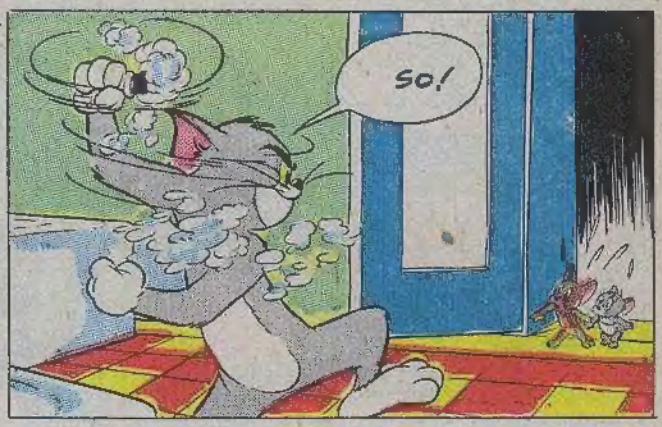
HUH ?

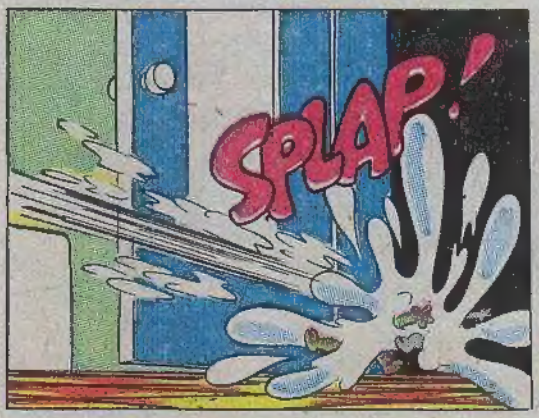

BY GOLLY! THOSE LITTLE RASCALS ARE RIGHT!

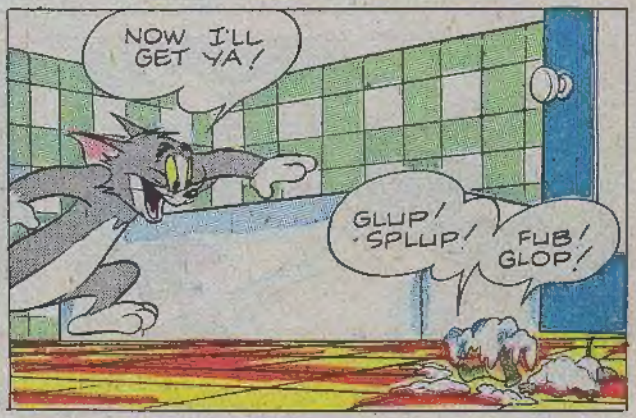

YES, SIR! I'LL LATHER UP AND SHAVE 'EM OFF!

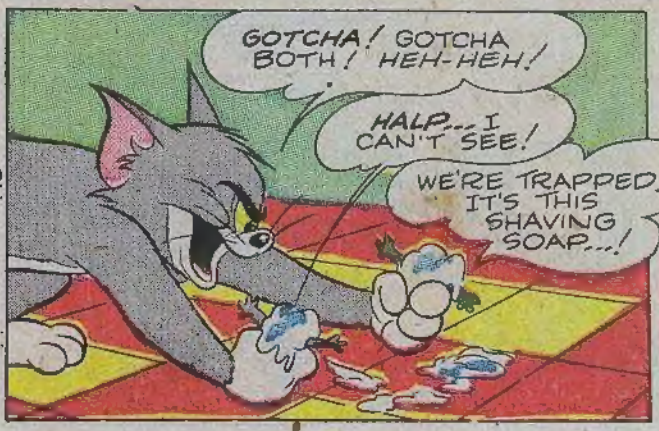

AHA!


♫

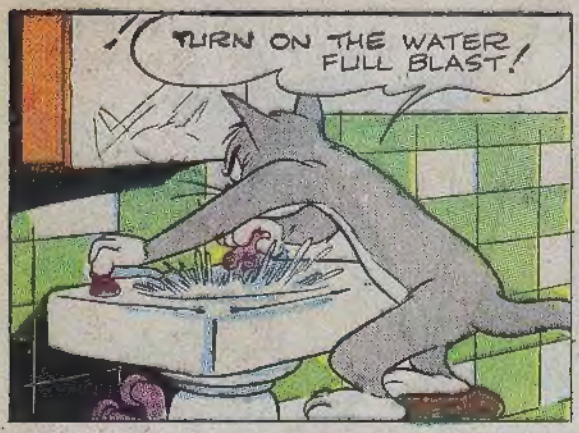

SO!


SPLAP!

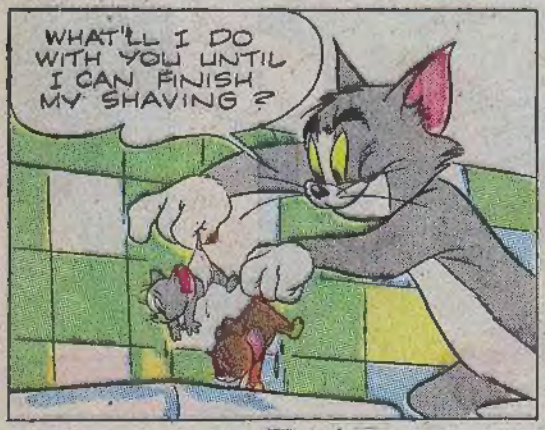

NOW I'LL GET YA!
GLUP! SPLUP!
FUB! GLOP!

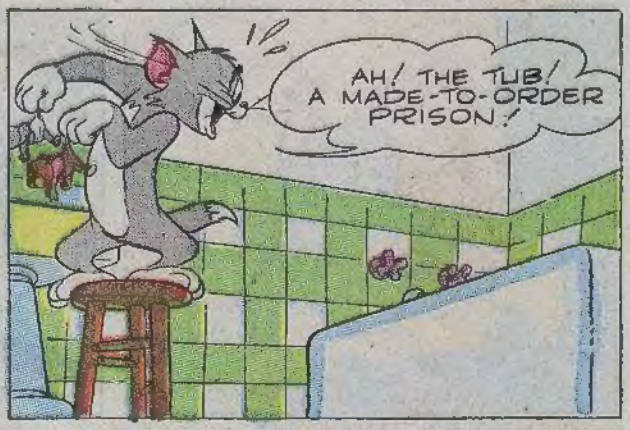

GOTCHA! GOTCHA BOTH! HEH-HEH!
HALP... I CAN'T SEE!
WE'RE TRAPPED! IT'S THIS SHAVING SOAP...!

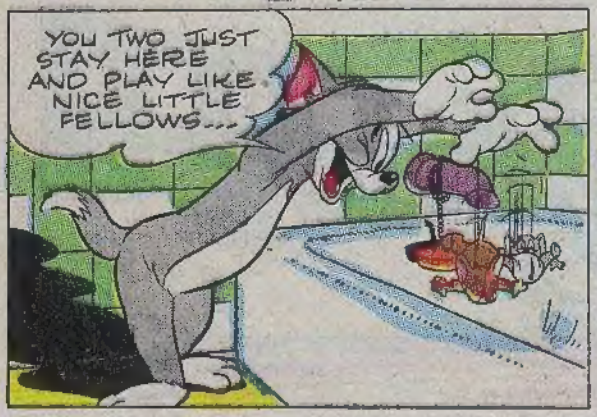
NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD! WELL, I'LL WASH YOU POOR THINGS OFF!


TURN ON THE WATER FULL BLAST!

NOW D'YA FEEL BETTER!
GASP!
PANT!


WHAT'LL I DO WITH YOU UNTIL I CAN FINISH MY SHAVING?

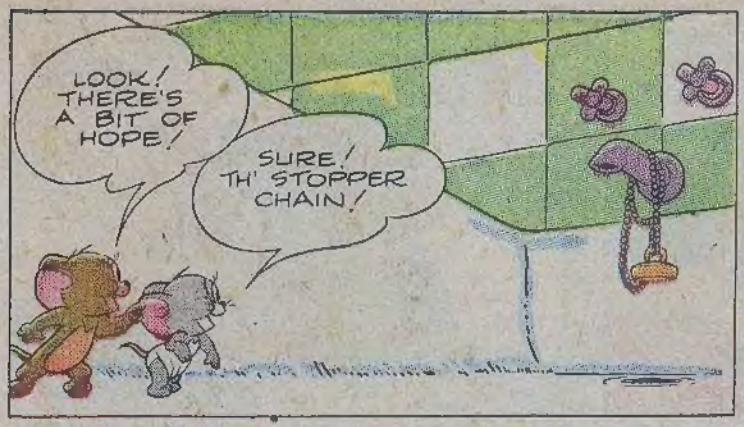

AH! THE TUB! A MADE-TO-ORDER PRISON!


YOU TWO JUST STAY HERE AND PLAY LIKE NICE LITTLE FELLOWS...

UNTIL I CAN GET AROUND TO FRICASSEEING YOU! HA, HA!

OR SHOULD I BROIL 'EM, OR HAVE 'EM FRIED?

CAN'T MAKE IT, TUFFY! IT'S TOO SLICK! PUFF! PUFF!
IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE REALLY IN A SPOT, JERRY!

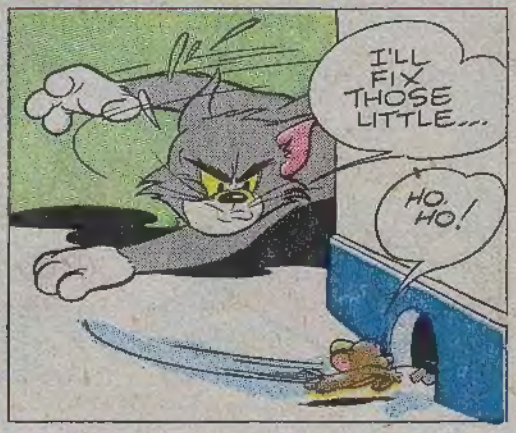

LOOK! THERE'S A BIT OF HOPE!
SURE! TH' STOPPER CHAIN!

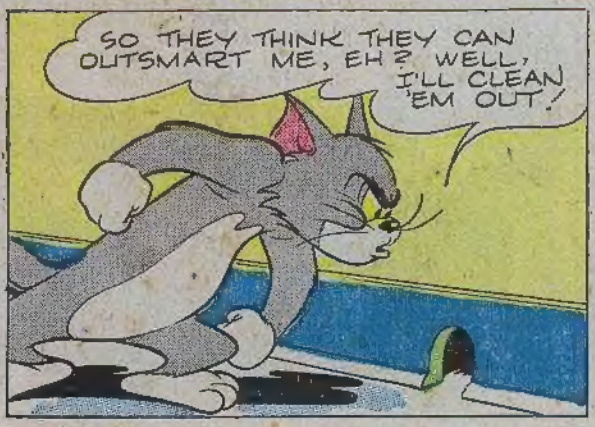
ALLEZ OOP!
GOT IT!

THAT STUPID TOM!
SH-SH!

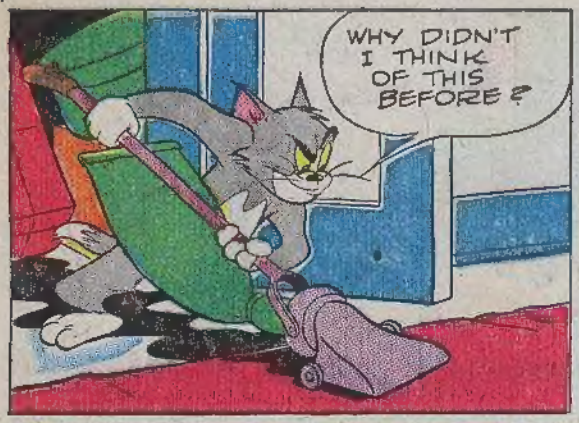
NYAAAA!
NYAAAA!

HEY!
DINNER'S READY, TOM!
SURE! JUST COME AND GET IT! HA, HA!

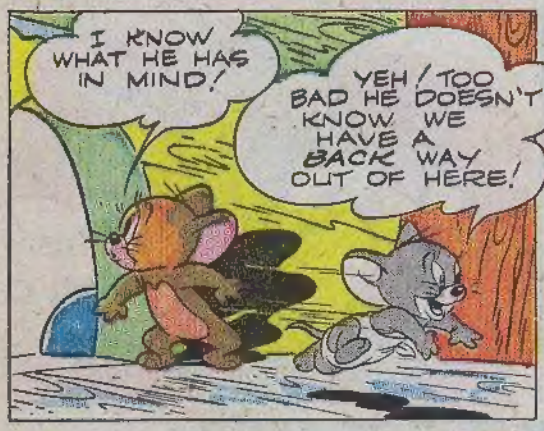

I'LL FIX THOSE LITTLE...
HO, HO!


SO THEY THINK THEY CAN OUTSMART ME, EH? WELL, I'LL CLEAN 'EM OUT!

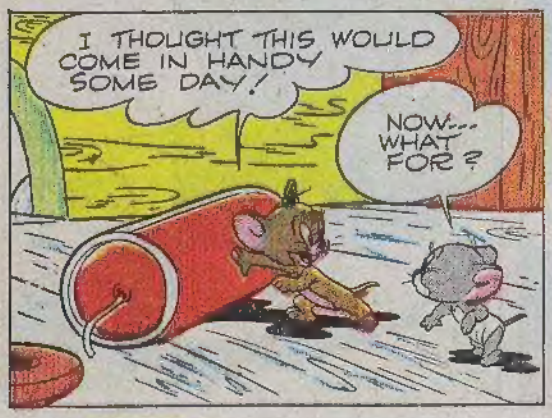
CLEAN 'EM OUT, THAT'S IT! HEH! HEH! I'LL CLEAN 'EM OUT, ALL RIGHT!

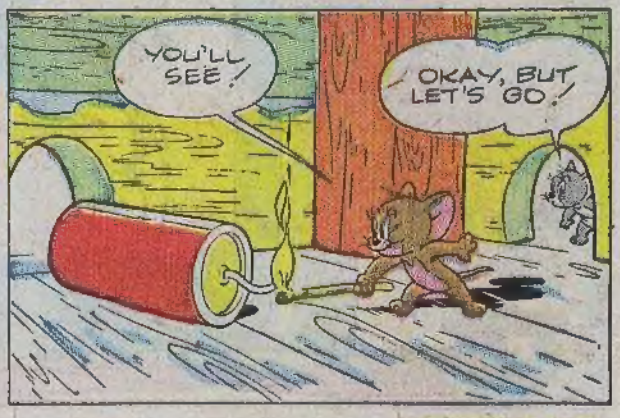

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

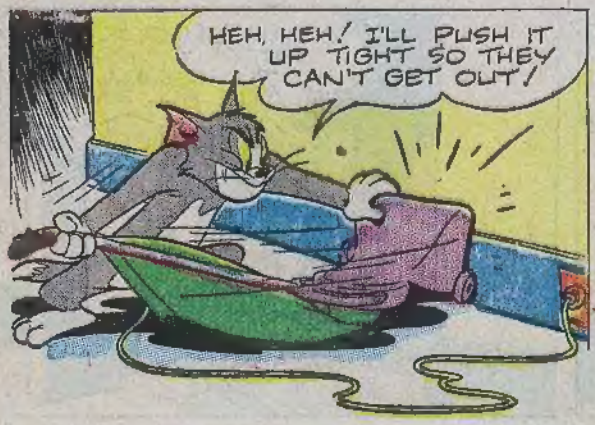
LOOK WHAT THE BRAIN IS ATTACKING WITH NOW!
YIPE! A VACUUM CLEANER, EH?

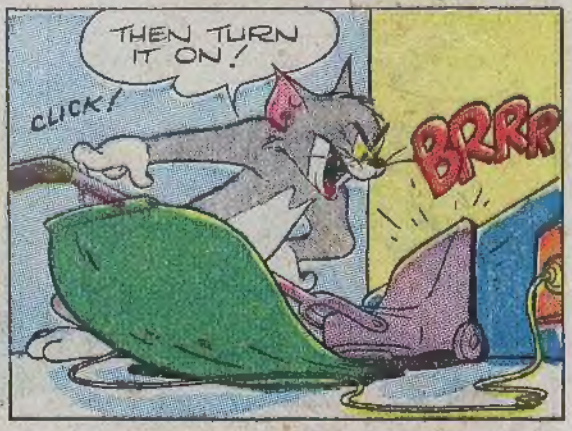

I KNOW WHAT HE HAS IN MIND!
YEH! TOO BAD HE DOESN'T KNOW WE HAVE A BACK WAY OUT OF HERE!

HEY, JERRY! C'MON, LET'S GET GOING BEFORE HE TURNS THAT ON!
JUST A SECOND!


I THOUGHT THIS WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY!
NOW... WHAT FOR?


YOU'LL SEE!
OKAY, BUT LET'S GO!

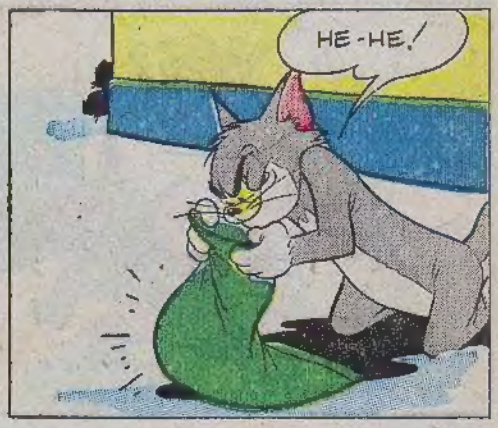

HEH, HEH! I'LL PUSH IT UP TIGHT SO THEY CAN'T GET OUT!


THEN TURN IT ON!
CLICK!
BRRR

IT'S RUN LONG ENOUGH TO COMPLETELY CLEAN OUT EVERYTHING IN THERE!
CLICK!

GOTTA TAKE THIS OFF CAREFULLY!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
RIGHT!
YUP! THEY'RE IN THE BAG! I CAN HEAR 'EM COUGHING!
SPUT
SPUT

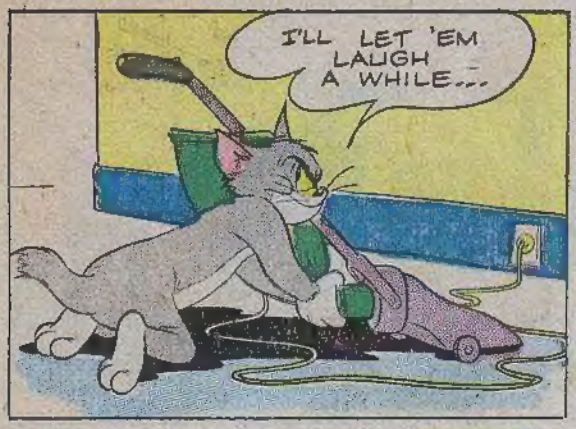

HE-HE!

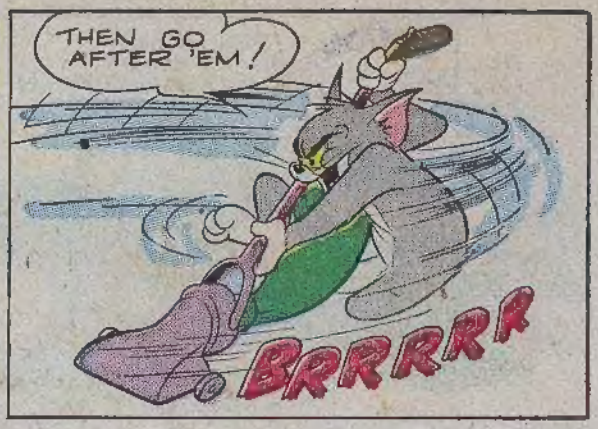
KER-WHAM!

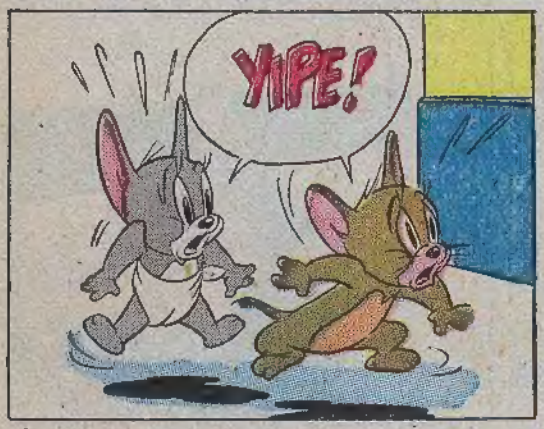
HO HO!
HA HA!

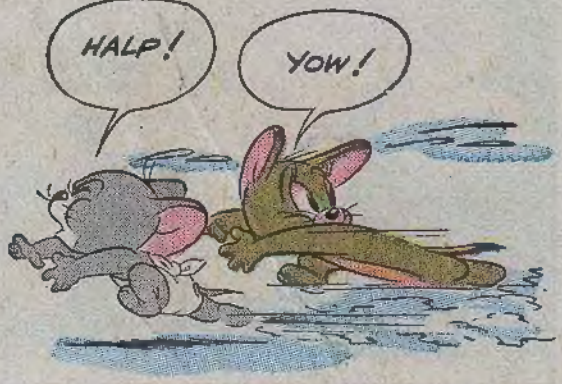
WHAZZA MATTER, TOM?
YEH! ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE?
HMM!

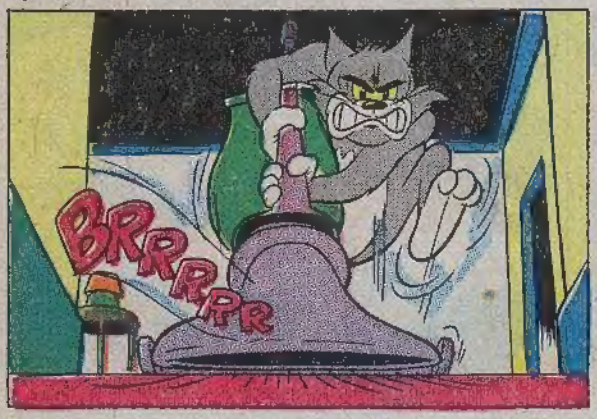
SO THEY THINK I'M GETTING OLD, EH? I'M JUST GETTING SMARTER!

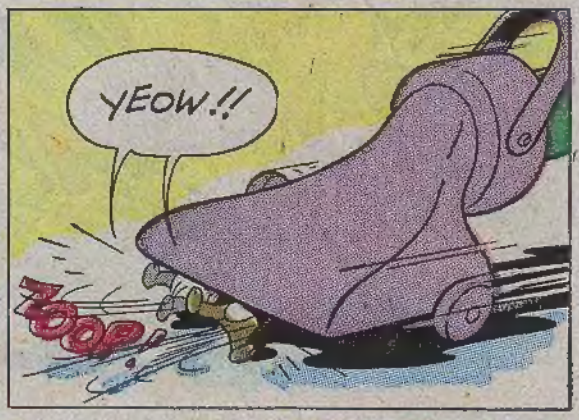

I'LL LET 'EM LAUGH A WHILE...

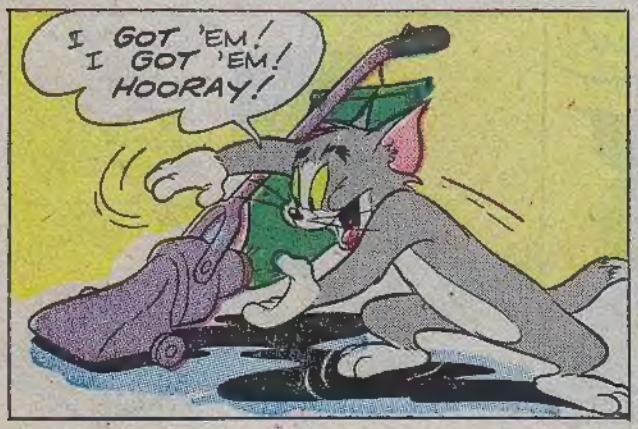

THEN GO AFTER 'EM!
BRRRRRR


YIPE!

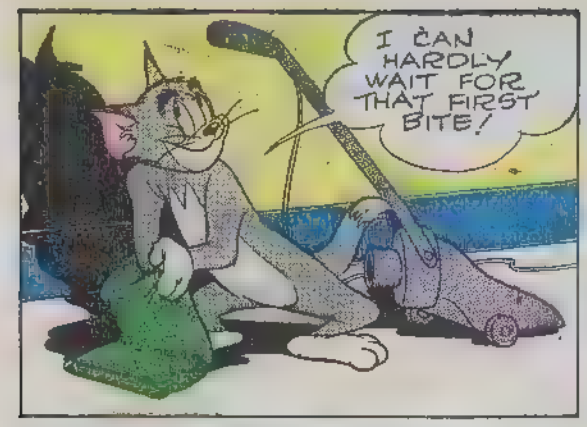

HALP!
YOW!

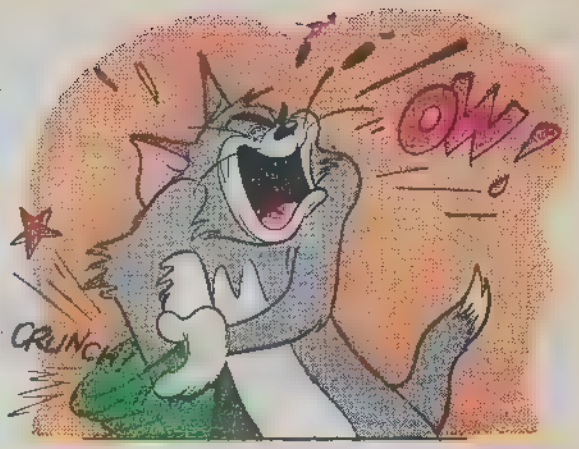

BRRRRRR

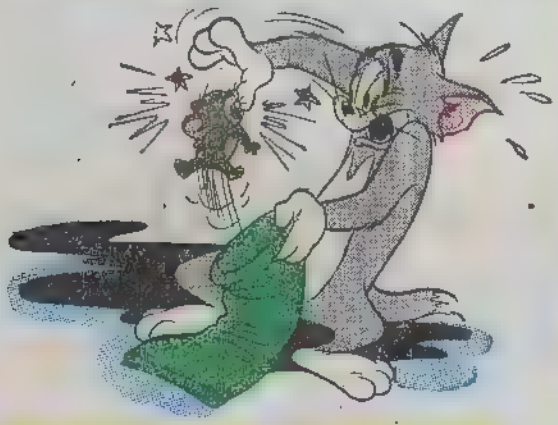

YEOW!!
ZOOP!

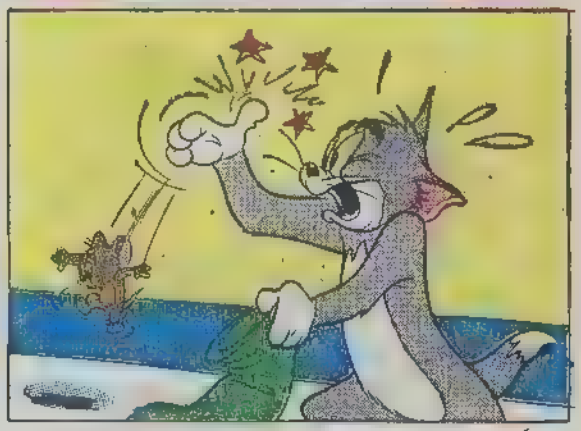

I GOT 'EM! I GOT 'EM! HOORAY!

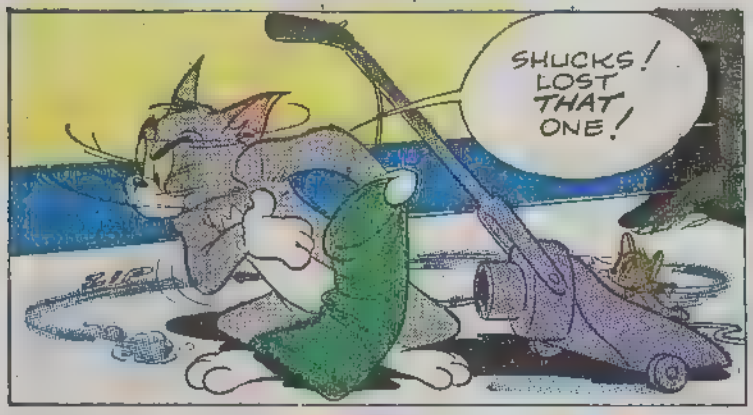
AND THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY!


I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THAT FIRST BITE!

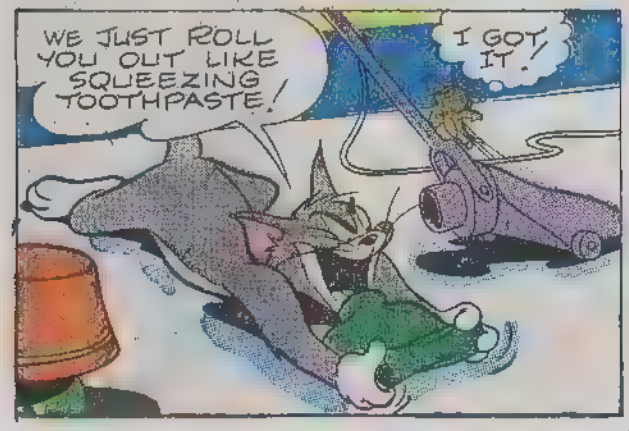

OW
CRUNCH!

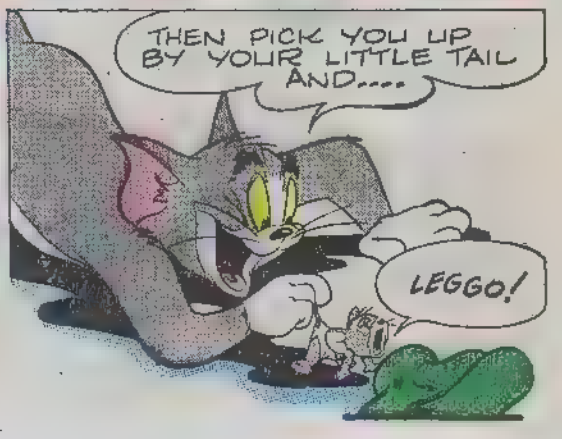


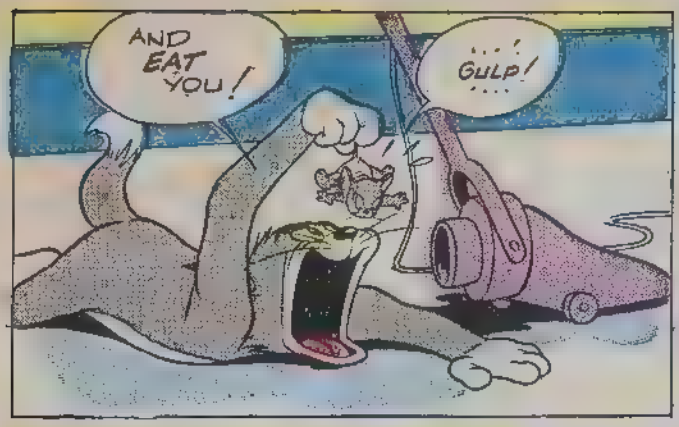


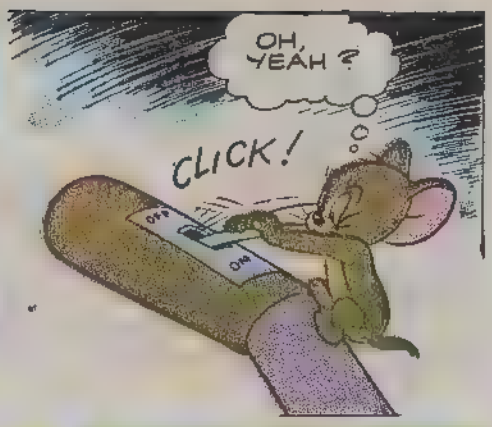

SHUCKS! LOST THAT ONE!

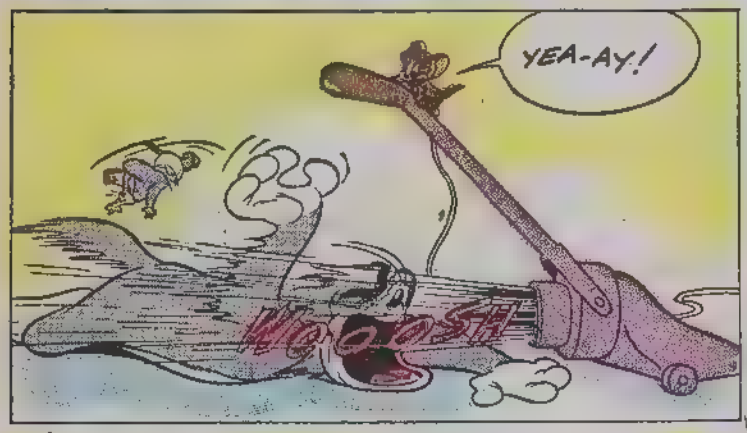
BUT I STILL HAVE THIS ONE AND HE WON'T GET AWAY--- NO SIR!
POOR TUFFY! WHAT'LL I DO?

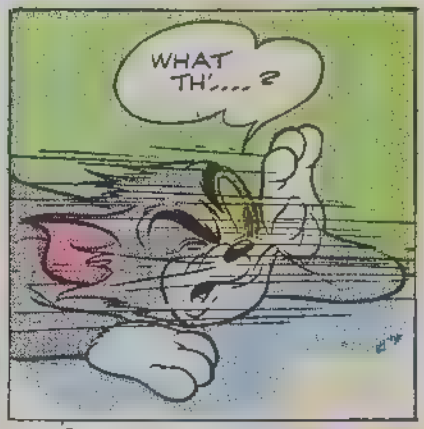

WE JUST ROLL YOU OUT LIKE SQUEEZING TOOTHPASTE!
I GOT IT!

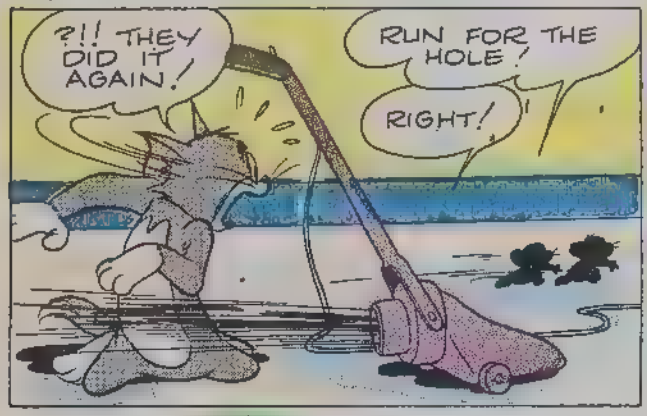

THEN PICK YOU UP BY YOUR LITTLE TAIL AND....
LEGGO!

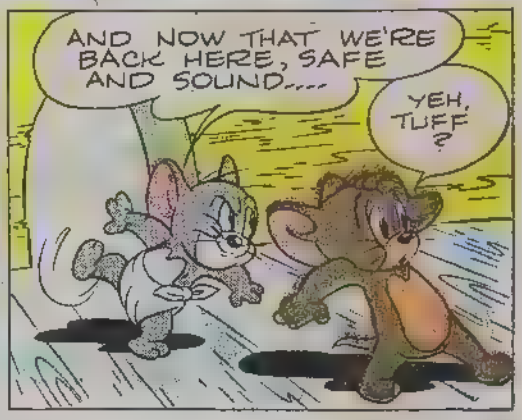


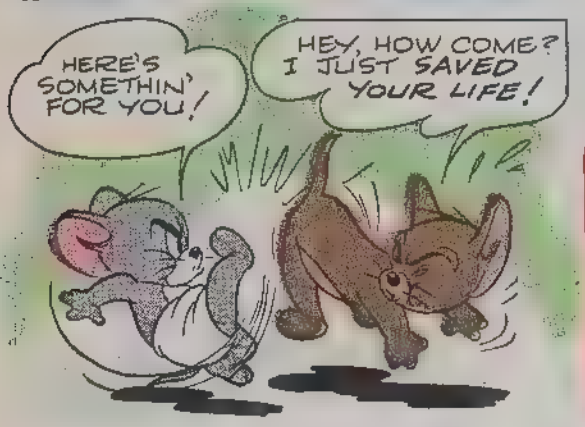


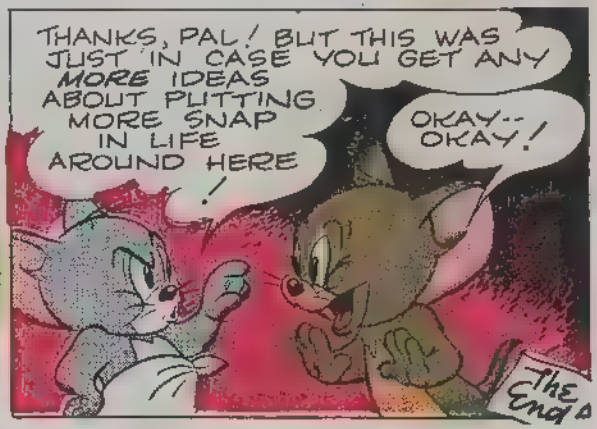












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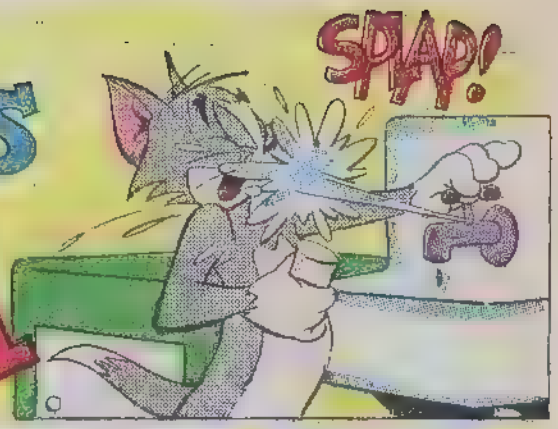
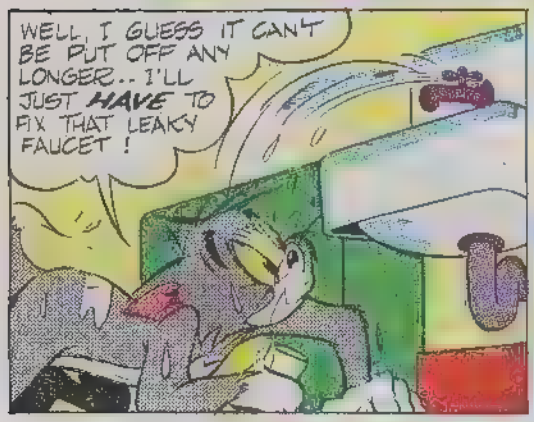
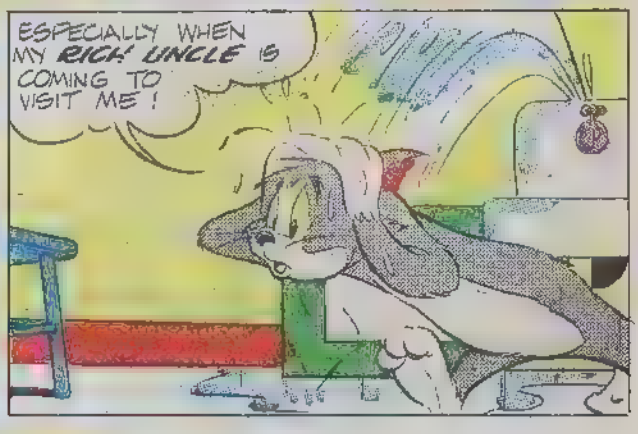
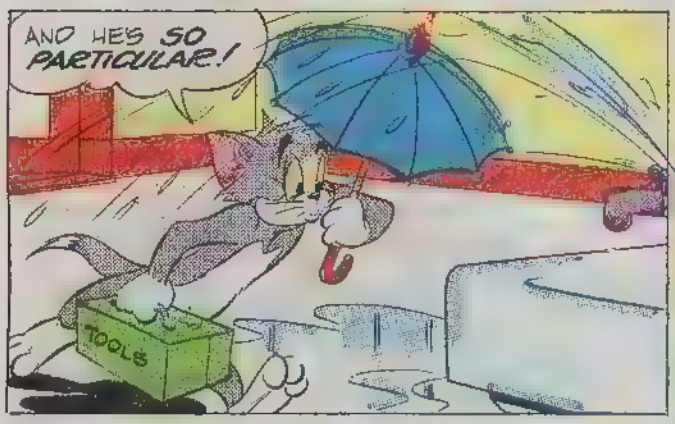
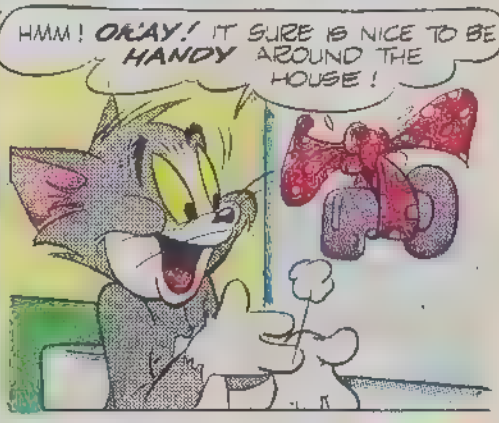
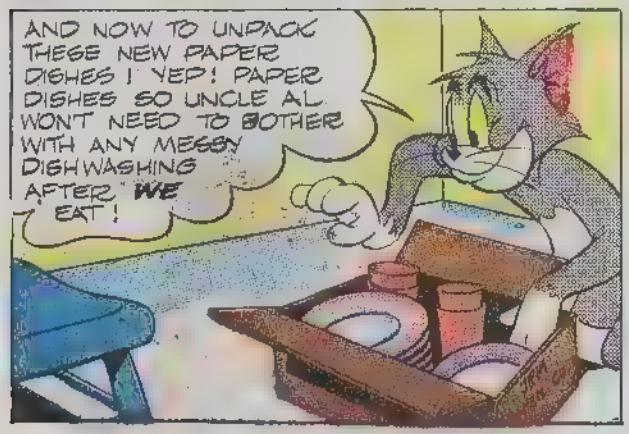


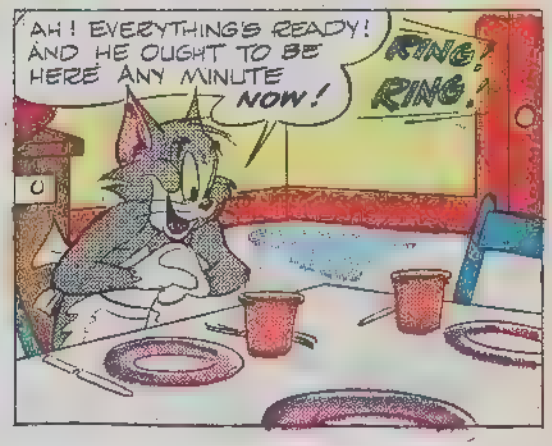


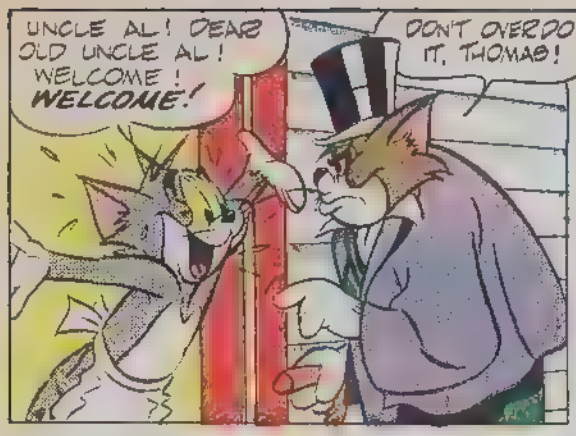


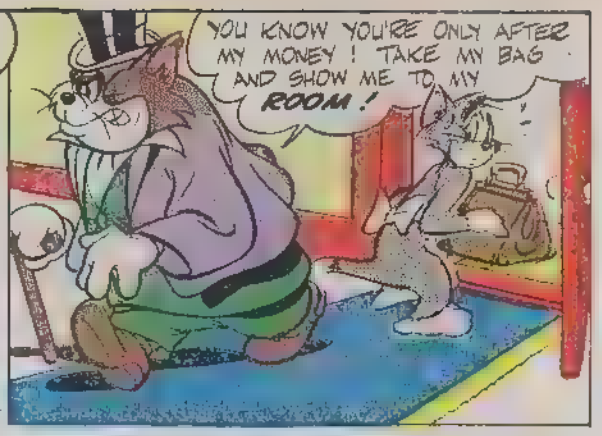


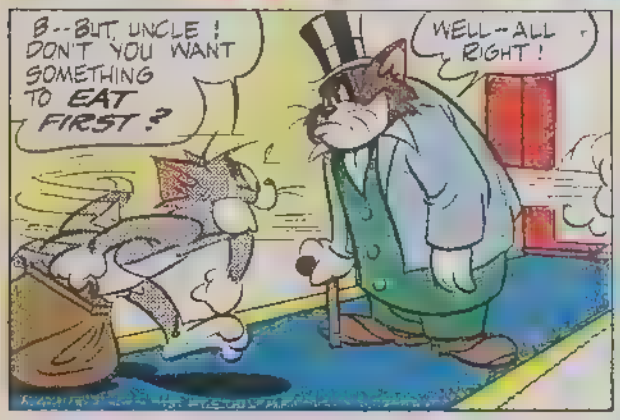


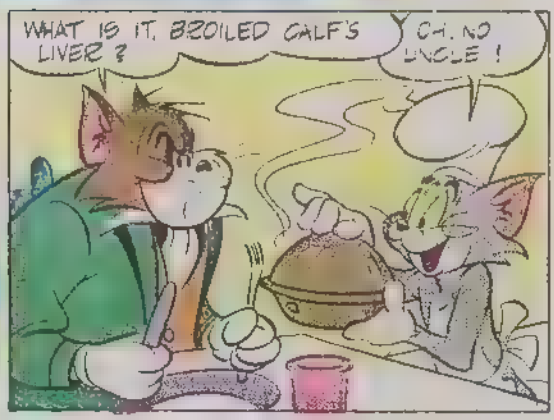


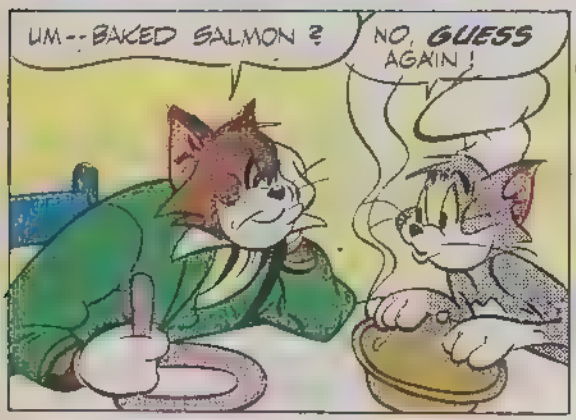


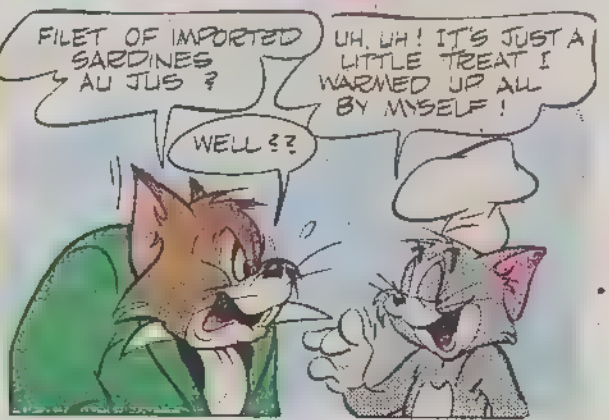

UNCLE AL! DEAR OLD UNCLE AL! WELCOME! WELCOME!
DON'T OVERDO IT, THOMAS!


YOU KNOW YOU'RE ONLY AFTER MY MONEY! TAKE MY BAG AND SHOW ME TO MY ROOM!

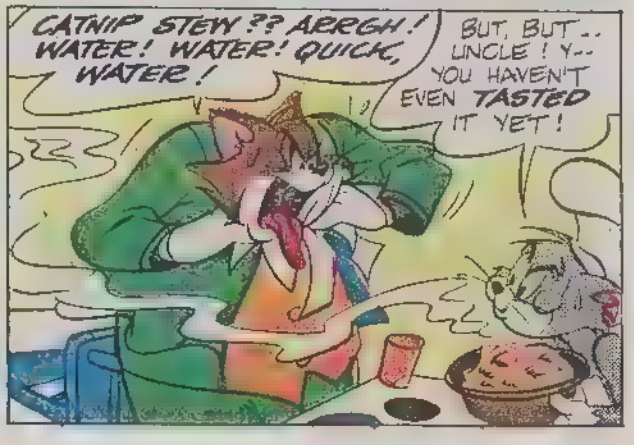

B--BUT, UNCLE! DON'T YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST?
WELL--ALL RIGHT!

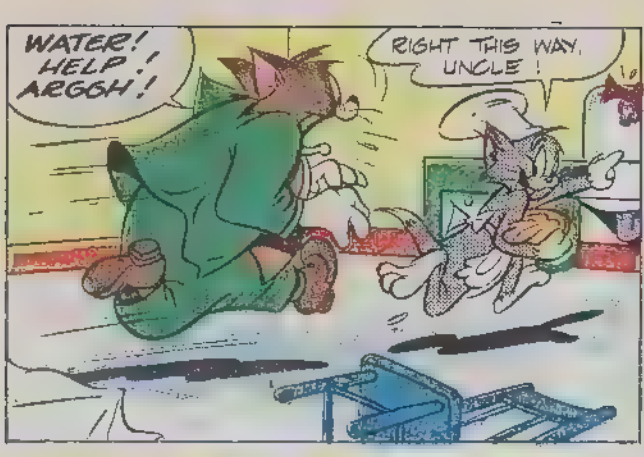

WHAT IS IT, BROILED CALF'S LIVER?
OH, NO UNCLE!

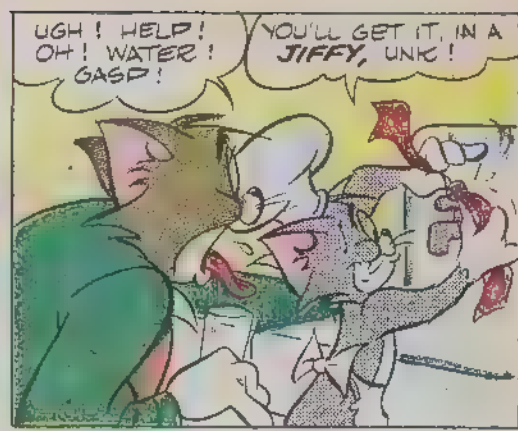

UM--BAKED SALMON?
NO, GUESS AGAIN!

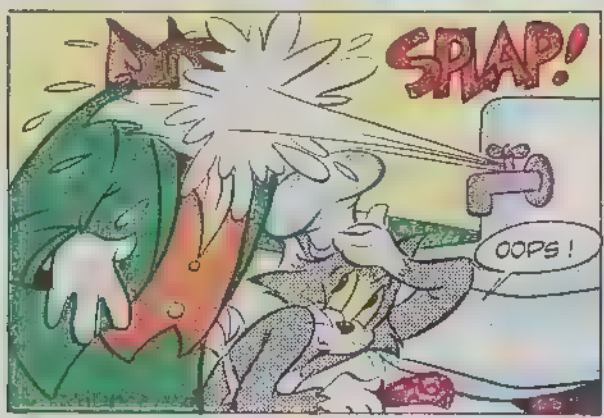

FILET OF IMPORTED SARDINES AU JUS?
UH, UH! IT'S JUST A LITTLE TREAT I WARMED UP ALL BY MYSELF!
WELL??

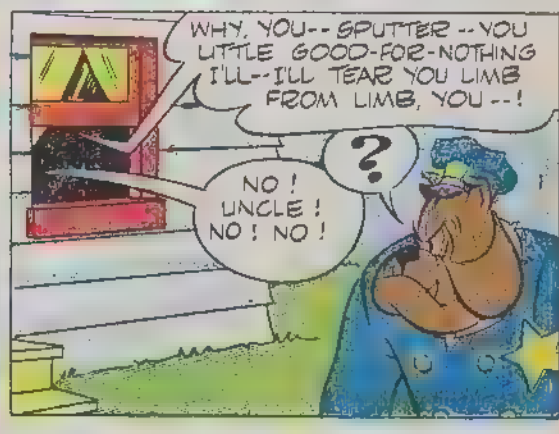
IT'S CATNIP STEW!

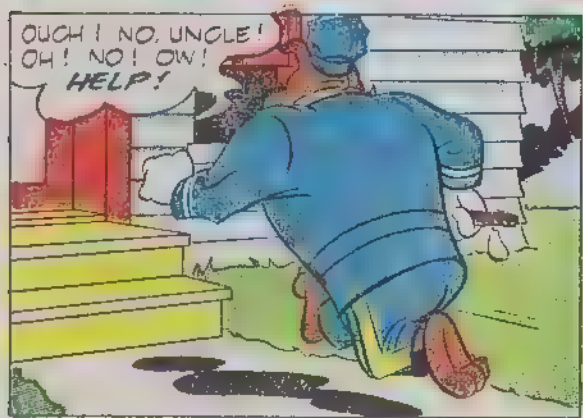

CATNIP STEW?? ARRGH! WATER! WATER! QUICK, WATER!
BUT, BUT... UNCLE! Y-- YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TASTED IT YET!

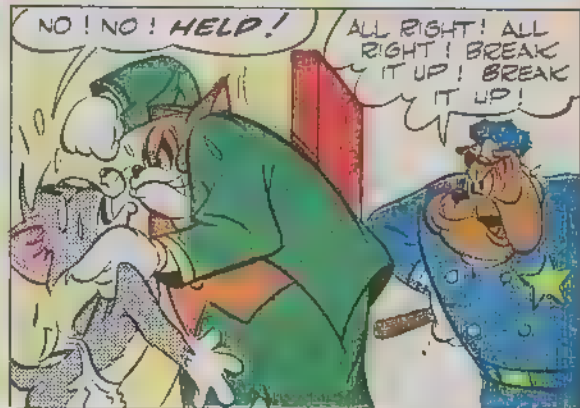

WATER! HELP! ARGGH!
RIGHT THIS WAY, UNCLE!

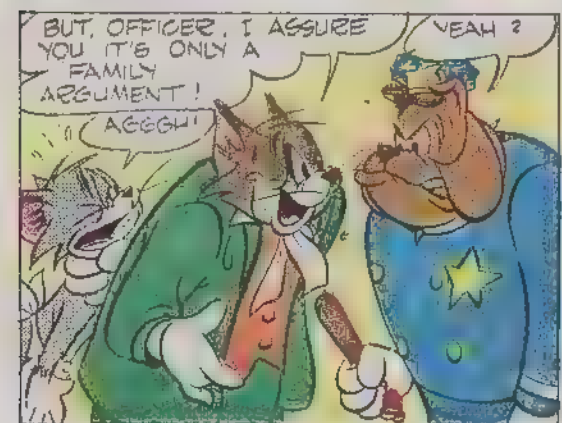

UGH! HELP! OH! WATER! GASP!
YOU'LL GET IT, IN A JIFFY, UNK!

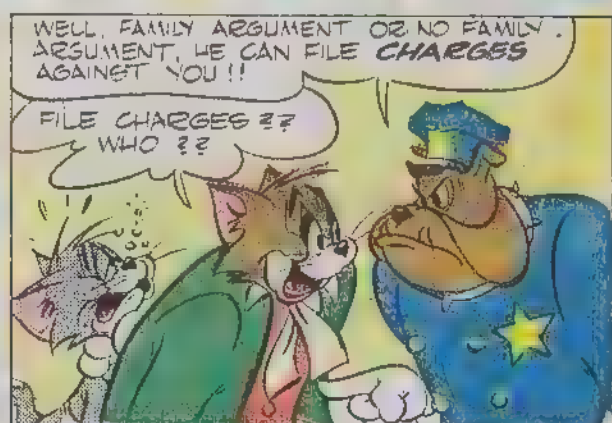

SPLAP!
OOPS!

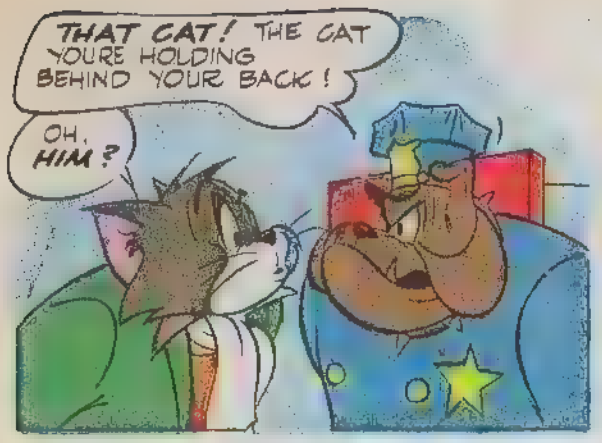

WHY, YOU-- SPUTTER --YOU LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING I'LL--I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB, YOU--!
?
NO! UNCLE! NO! NO!

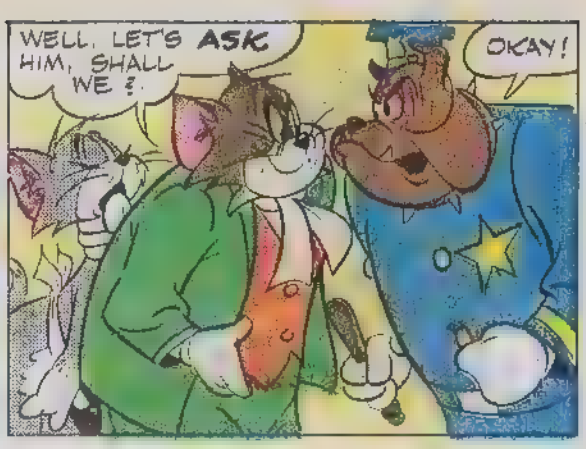

OUCH! NO, UNCLE! OH! NO! OW! HELP!

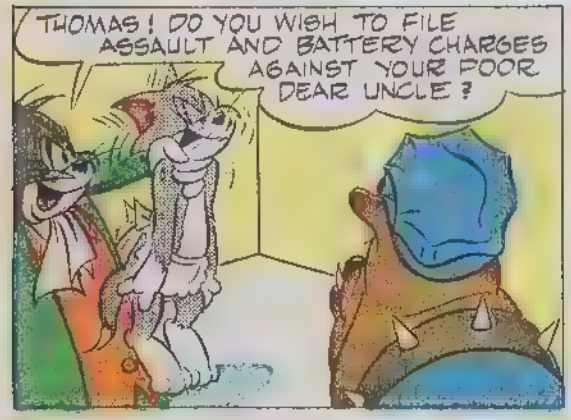

NO! NO! HELP!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP!

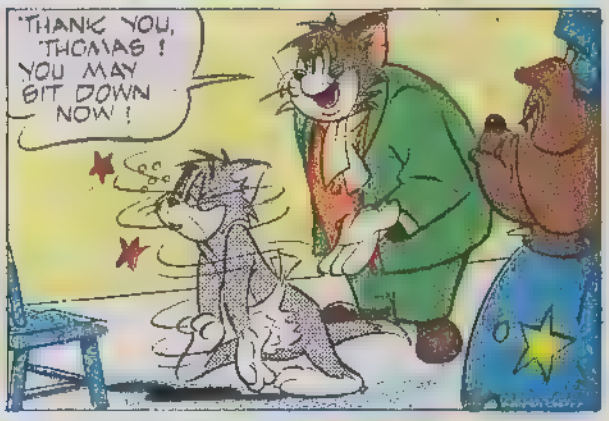

BUT, OFFICER, I ASSURE YOU IT'S ONLY A FAMILY ARGUMENT!
YEAH?
AGGGH!

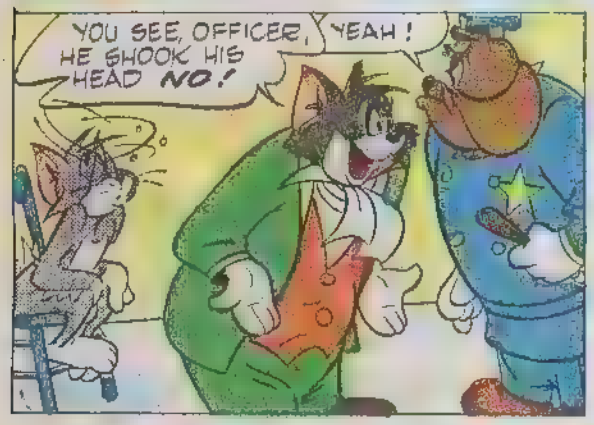

WELL, FAMILY ARGUMENT OR NO FAMILY ARGUMENT, HE CAN FILE CHARGES AGAINST YOU!!
FILE CHARGES?? WHO??

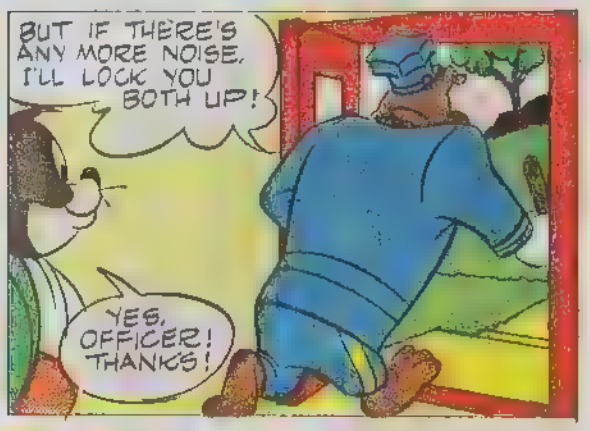

THAT CAT! THE CAT YOU'RE HOLDING BEHIND YOUR BACK!
OH, HIM?

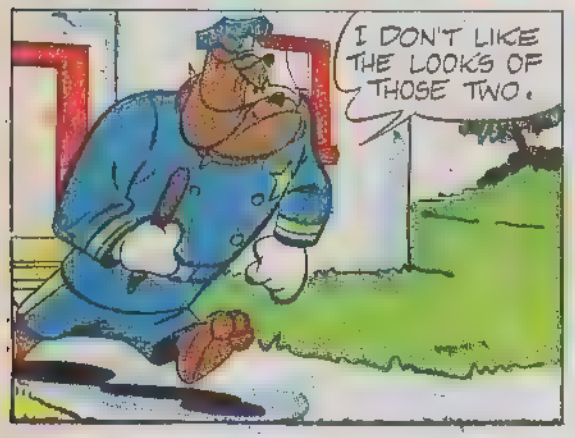

WELL, LET'S ASK HIM, SHALL WE?
OKAY!


THOMAS! DO YOU WISH TO FILE ASSAULT AND BATTERY CHARGES AGAINST YOUR POOR DEAR UNCLE?

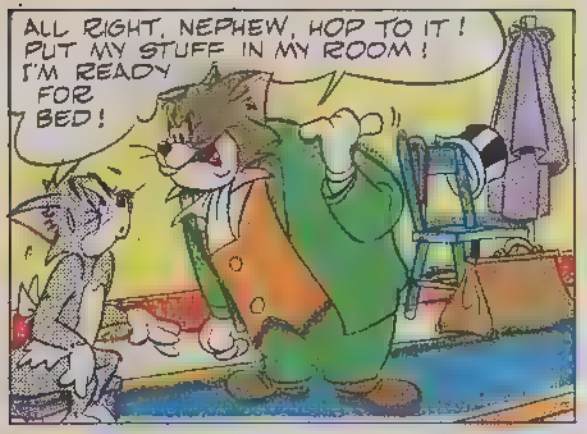

THANK YOU, THOMAS! YOU MAY SIT DOWN NOW!

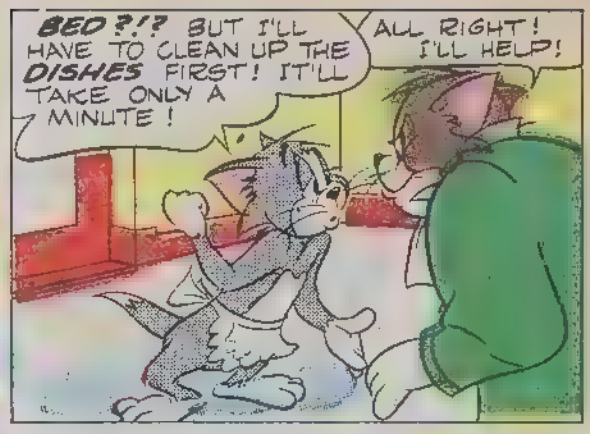

YOU SEE, OFFICER, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD NO!
YEAH!

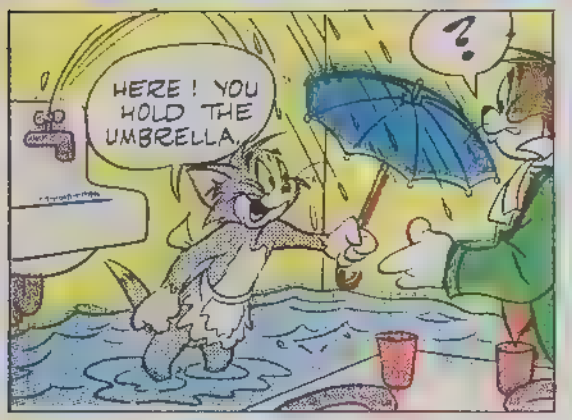

BUT IF THERE'S ANY MORE NOISE, I'LL LOCK YOU BOTH UP!
YES, OFFICER! THANKS!

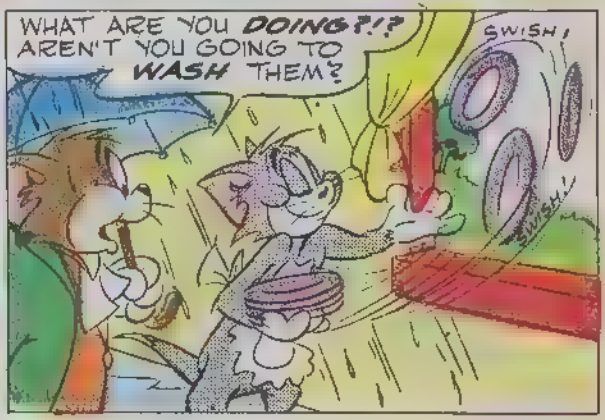

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO.

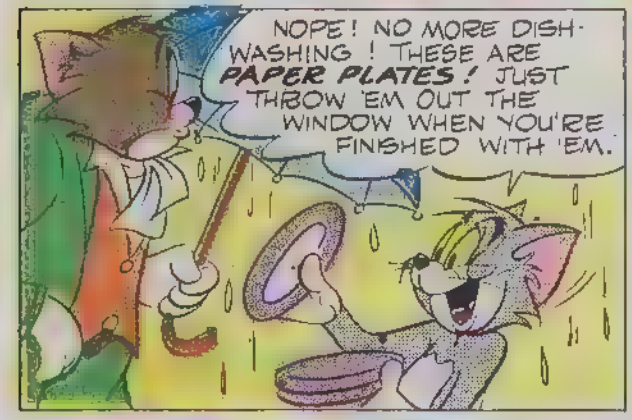
I'LL HANG AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE JUST IN CASE!

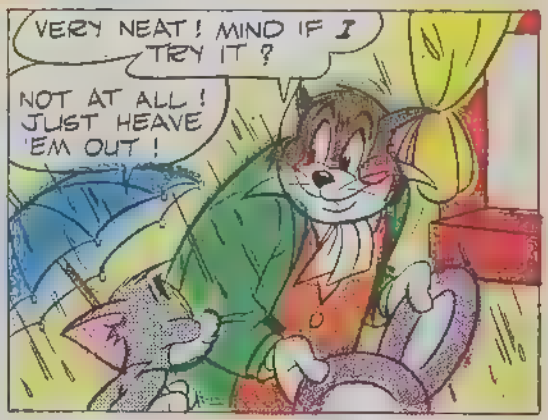

ALL RIGHT, NEPHEW, HOP TO IT! PUT MY STUFF IN MY ROOM! I'M READY FOR BED!

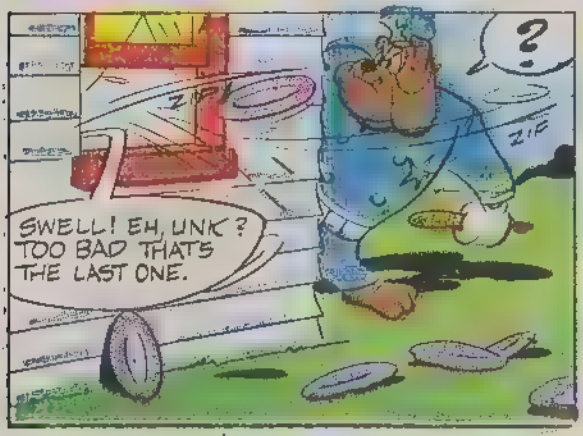

BED?!? BUT I'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THE DISHES FIRST! IT'LL TAKE ONLY A MINUTE!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL HELP!


HERE! YOU HOLD THE UMBRELLA.
?

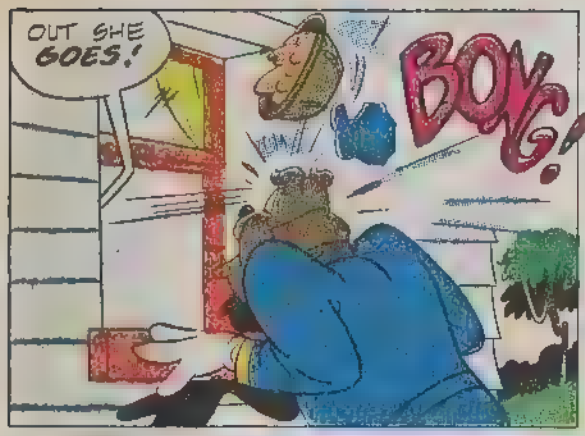

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!? AREN'T YOU GOING TO WASH THEM?
SWISH!
SWISH!

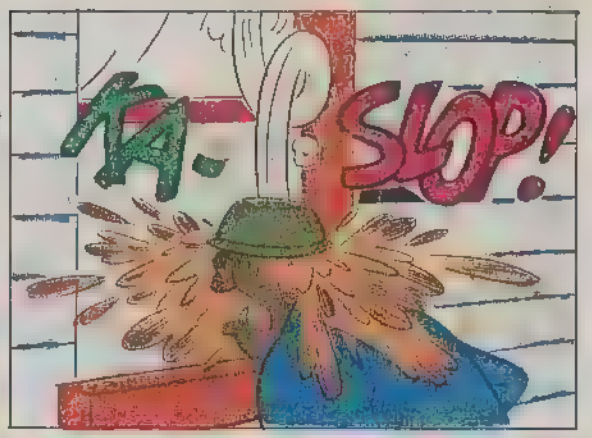

NOPE! NO MORE DISH-WASHING! THESE ARE PAPER PLATES! JUST THROW 'EM OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WITH 'EM.

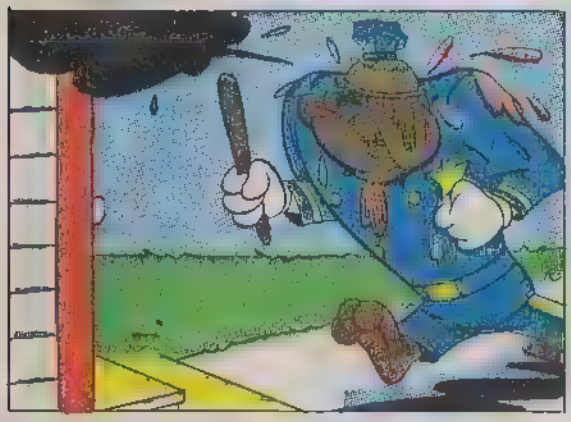

VERY NEAT! MIND IF I TRY IT?
NOT AT ALL! JUST HEAVE 'EM OUT!

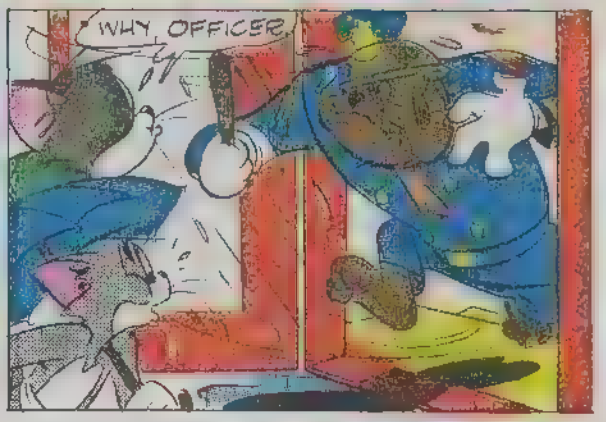

?
ZIP
ZIP
SWELL! EH, UNK? TOO BAD THAT'S THE LAST ONE.

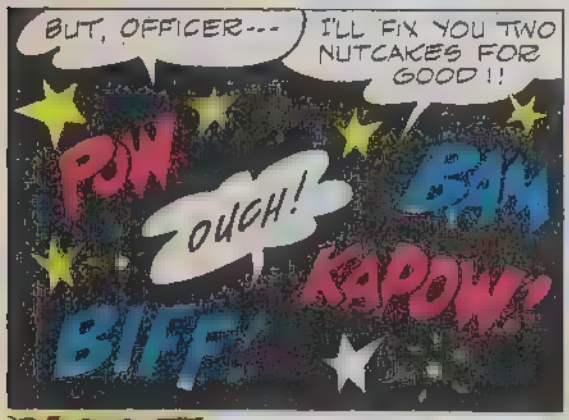
NO! HERE'S ONE!
N--NO! NO! THAT'S THE ONE WITH THE CATNIP STEW IN IT!
HECK! LET'S TOSS IT OUT ANYWAY!

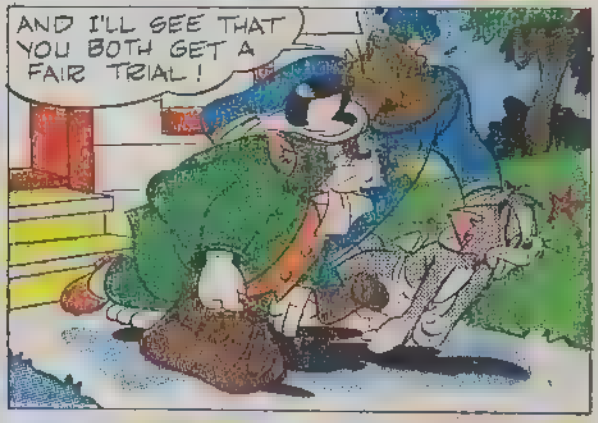


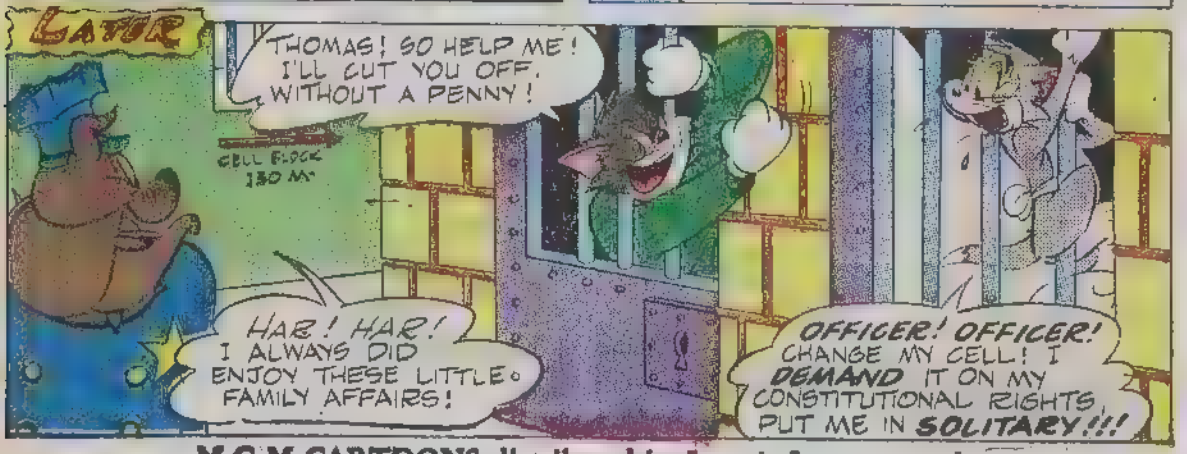












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

It was time for lunch and the two little mice, Jerry and Tuffy, were cautiously making their way toward the pantry. They knew ol' Tom cat might be lying in wait for them, but, as Jerry said, it was better to take their chances with Tom than to stay in their mousehole apartment and starve to death. Now, as they neared the pantry they began to breathe easier; it seemed this was one of those days when ol' Tom had something else to do.

As usual, the pantry door was slightly ajar, and in practically no time the hungry little mice were inside and busily exploring the crowded shelves.

They had been in the pantry many times before and knew almost exactly what they would find. Once in awhile they would discover something new and different; but they weren't at all prepared for what they found today.

Tuffy saw it first.

"Wow! Will ya look at this!" he shouted.

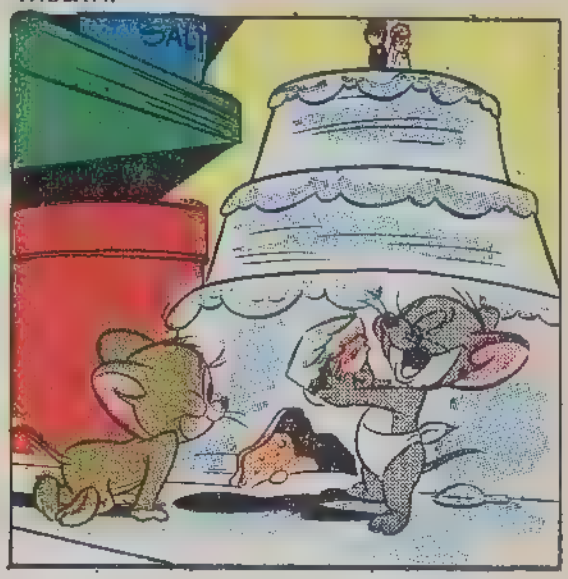
"Look at what?" said Jerry without looking up. He was busy munching a fat fig newton he had just pulled out of a box.

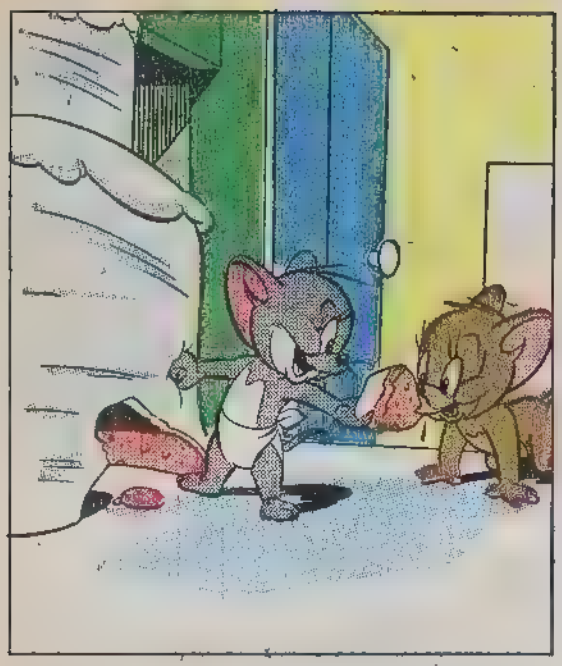
"It's a skyscraper a mile high with two people standing on top of it and does it taste good!"

"A skyscraper? two people standing on it? Hey, what're you talking about?" squeaked Jerry, dropping his fig newton.

"Come here! Take a look!" cried Tuffy. He sounded as though his mouth was full.

Tuffy's voice seemed to come from somewhere above, so Jerry quickly scrambled up to the top shelf. The first thing he saw was what indeed looked like a huge white skyscraper. It was built in round layers, one on top of the other, and each layer a little smaller than the one underneath. But strangest of all, on the topmost layer stood two little people, a man and a woman no taller than Jerry and Tuffy. Then Jerry noticed that Tuffy was busy yanking off chunks of the bottom layer of the building and stuffing them into his mouth.





"Yum, yum," said Tuffy between mouthfuls.

"Can you EAT that stuff?" cried Jerry.

"Sure. Here, try it," said Tuffy holding out a piece to Jerry.

Jerry sniffed at the piece and then timidly nibbled at it.

"Gosh, it's ICING! Just like they put on cakes!" cried Jerry. "That thing isn't a skyscraper—it's a CAKE! The biggest cake in the world, I betcha!"

It was a cake all right—a WEDDING cake. And the two little figures on the top layer were the kind you always see on a wedding cake—little dolls dressed as a bride and groom. But Jerry and Tuffy had never seen a wedding cake before and they were amazed that any cake could be so big.

"It'll take YEARS for us to eat all of this," said Tuffy happily.

"B-But how about those little people way up on top there?" whispered Jerry. "Maybe they won't like what we're doing."

"Well, they haven't said anything so far," said Tuffy.

"Maybe we better climb up there and ask 'em if it's all right," said Jerry.

"Okay with me," said Tuffy. "Let's go."

Jerry boosted Tuffy to the top of the first layer and then Tuffy reached down and helped Jerry up. The other layers were lower and easier to climb and soon the mice were standing at the feet of the little man and woman.

"Ahem," began Jerry. "D-Do you people mind if we sorta help ourselves to a little of this cake?"

"Yeh. It won't take much to fill us up, pal," said Tuffy, addressing himself to the man.

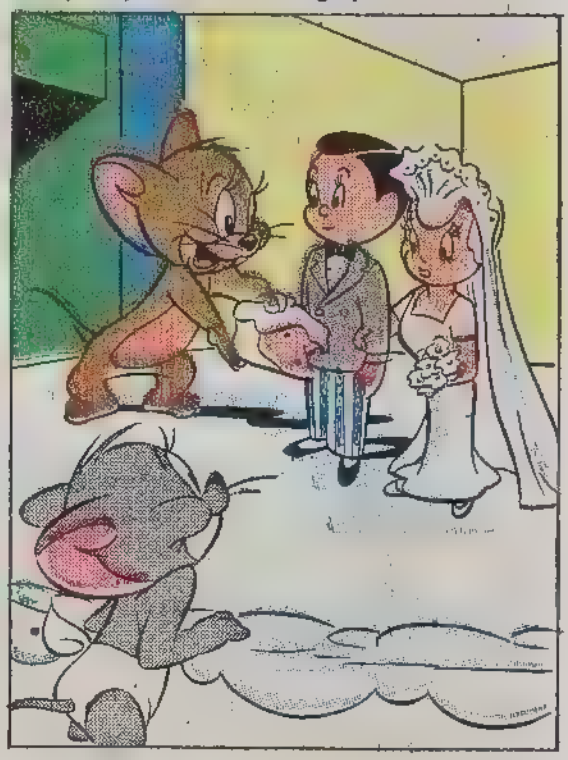
But the little man and woman said nothing. They just stood there and stared across the pantry. Then Tuffy reached up and tried to pinch the man's leg. It was hard and cold; it didn't feel at all like anything alive.

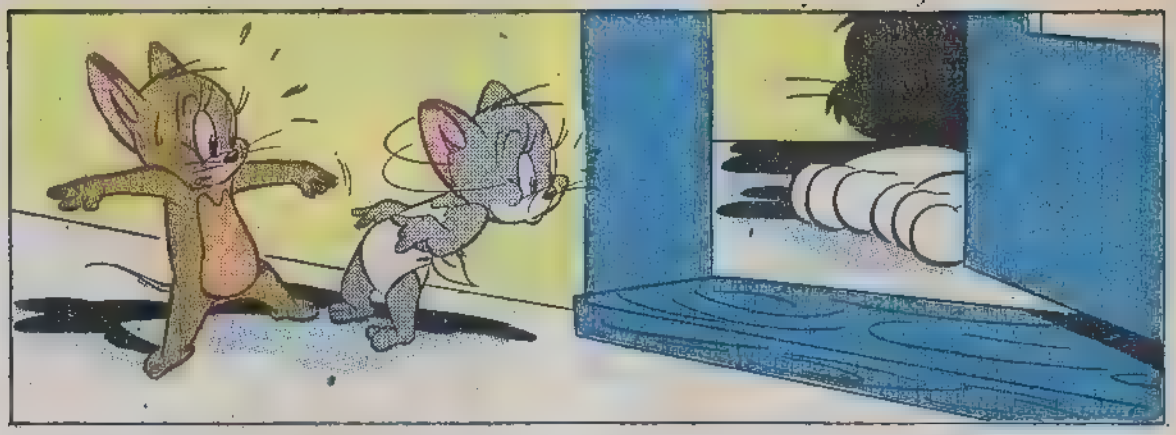
"Hey, Jerry, these are only dolls, I think!" cried Tuffy.

"Well, let's see," said Jerry, leaping up alongside the two little figures and peering into their faces.

"Gosh, you're right, Tuff. They ARE only dolls," cried Jerry. "But they certainly looked real."

"They sure are dressed fancy," squeaked Tuffy. "Just look at the striped pants on this guy."





"Yeh, and the beautiful veil and gown on the girl. She's even holding a little bunch of flowers on her arm."

"You know, they're dressed like people who've just been married," said Tuffy. "I saw 'em in a picture once."

"Oh, well, let's eat," said Jerry. "I'm still hungry."

So the little mice went back to stuffing themselves with chunks of the delicious icing until they couldn't swallow another crumb. Then they hopped down the side of the big cake and made their way to the floor of the pantry. Suddenly Jerry grabbed Tuffy's arm and swung him around.

"Do you see what I see?" he whispered into Tuffy's ear. "Look! Under the door!"

There, through the small space under the door, four big furry feet could be seen plainly. The feet were Tom's, and he was waiting to pounce as soon as the mice appeared around the door.

"G-Gosh! Lucky thing for us you saw him," stammered Tuffy. "What'll we do?"

"I—I dunno. Let me think," hissed Jerry.

"Well, think hard, pal. He's got us trapped in here," cried Tuffy.

"Shhh. Be quiet, will you!" warned Jerry. "I think I have an idea. Follow me."

Jerry led Tuffy back up the cupboard shelves and all the way to the top layer of the cake again.

"Now you do just as I say and don't argue," said Jerry.

In a little while they were on their way down again, but a remarkable change had taken place. Jerry was dressed in the little black coat and striped trousers of the man on the cake, and Tuffy was wearing the beautiful little gown and veil; on his arm he carried the pretty little bouquet of flowers. He also seemed to be very angry.

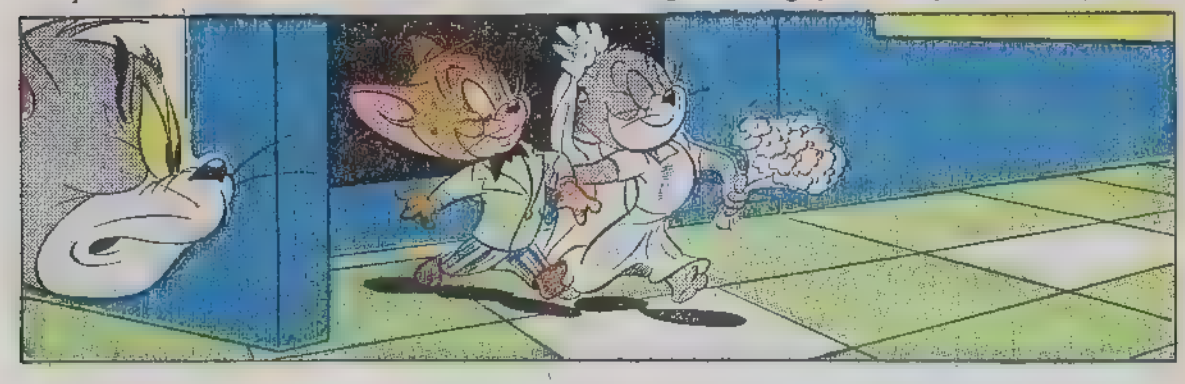
"You and your ideas," he muttered. "I never felt so silly!"

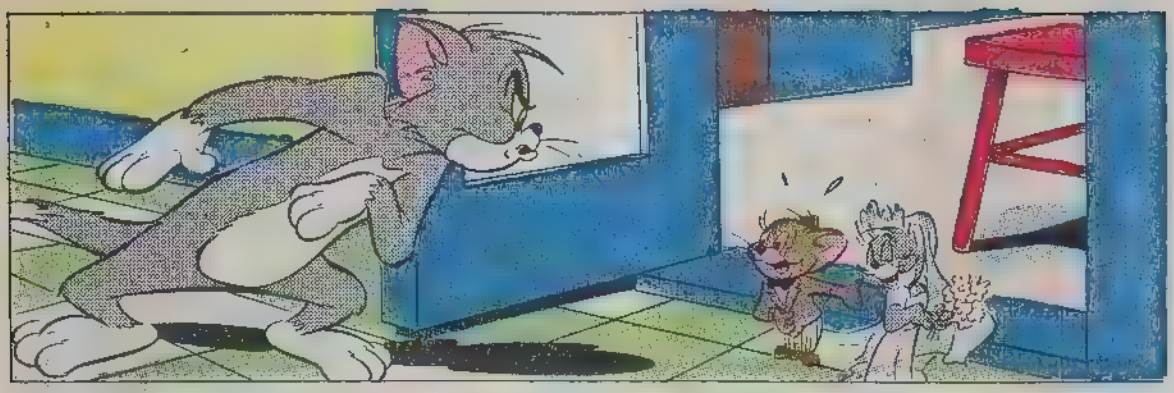
"Shh. You promised you'd keep quiet," pleaded Jerry.

"I'll keep quiet," grumbled Tuffy.

"Well—here goes, pal," said Jerry, as they approached the open door.

Tom was crouched down and waiting, his big yellow eyes ablaze, when





two little mice marched out of the pantry. He gathered himself for the spring, and then suddenly lifted his head and blinked. This wasn't what he expected. Instead of Jerry and Tuffy, two strange little mice in very fancy clothes strolled out of the open door arm in arm. Tom hesitated only for a moment, then quick as a flash he stretched his big paw across the path of the advancing mice.

"Well, well," he purred. "This is a surprise. You must be new around here. Allow me to introduce myself."

"Oh," said Jerry. "Pleased to meet you. May I present my brand new bride? We're just starting off on our honeymoon."

"Too bad you'll have to cut it short," snarled Tom. "I got other plans for you. I'm HUNGRY!"

"Oh, there's a pantryful of goodies right in there," said Jerry pointing behind him. "We'd love to stay, but—"

"YOU'RE the goodies I have in mind," laughed Tom wickedly. "You and your blushing li'l bride!"

"Oh, you COULDN'T do that to us," cried Jerry. "Why, we've just been MARRIED!"

Tom hesitated. Way down deep in his cat's heart there was a soft spot for young married couples. And this was such a CUTE little couple.

"Well — all right," he growled as he drew back his paw. "But I'll be seeing you after your honeymoon!"

The mice drew a sigh of relief and were about to pass on, but suddenly the paw shot out again.

"Listen," said Tom shyly, "I—I'd like to kiss the bride if I may—"

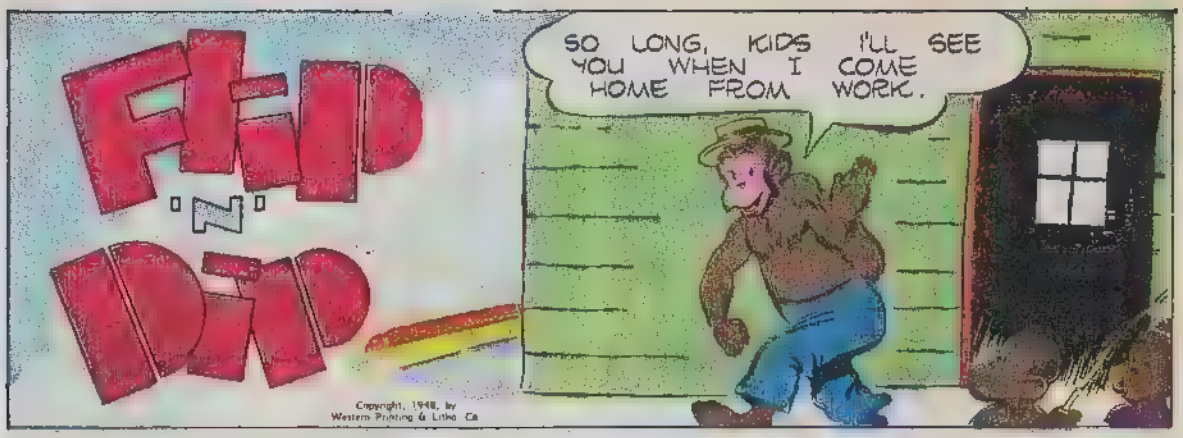
With a scream of rage Tuffy tore off his veil and shouted, "I can't stand any more of this!" Then he flung his little bouquet smack in Tom's surprised, unwary face.

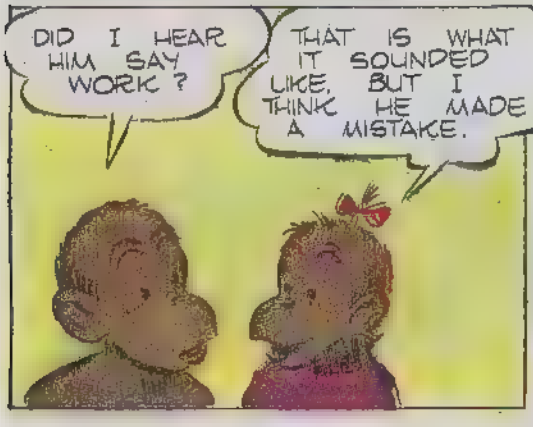
Before Tom could recover himself the mice were half way down the hall, and three seconds later they shot into their mousehole apartment less than two jumps ahead of the furious, pursuing cat.

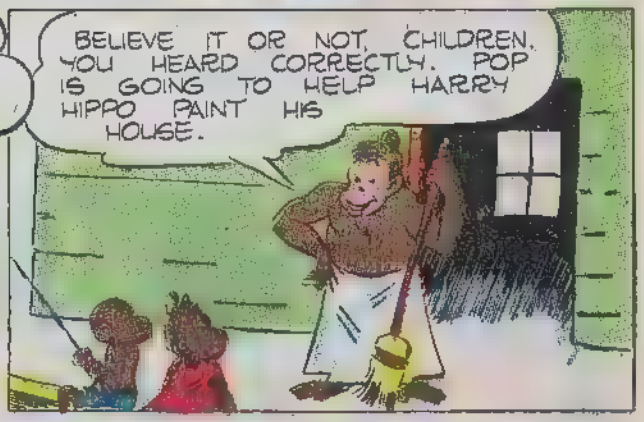
"Gosh, Tuff, you almost spoiled everything," puffed Jerry.

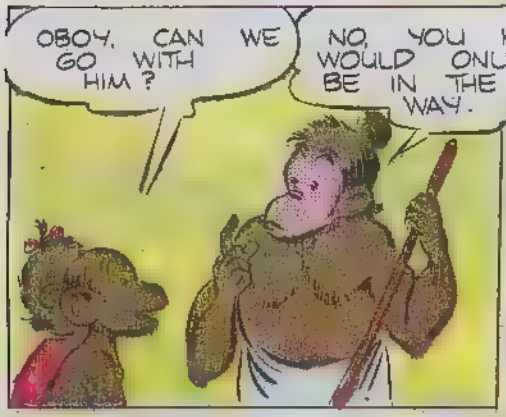
"Yeh, I'm sorry, pal," said Tuffy. "I guess I just lost my head. But so would YOU if Tom wanted to KISS you."

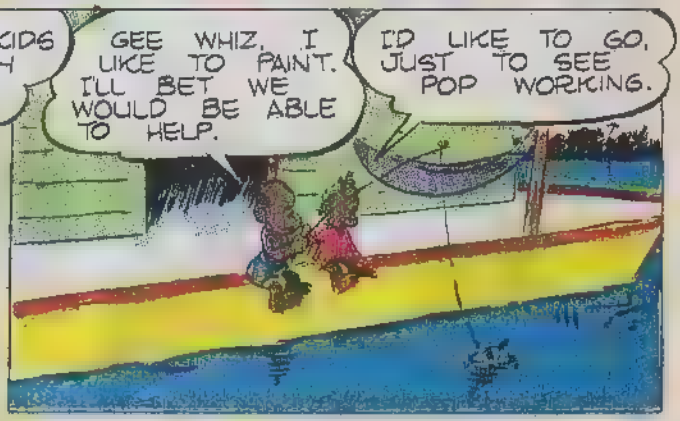
"Hmm, I suppose so," said Jerry thoughtfully.

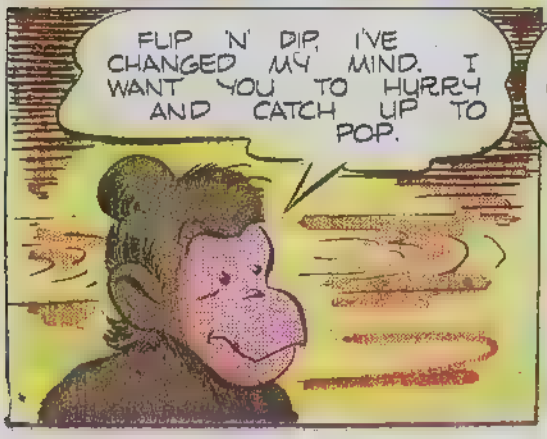

FLIP 'N' DIP
SO LONG, KIDS I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I COME HOME FROM WORK.
Copyright, 1948, by Western Printing & Litho. Co.

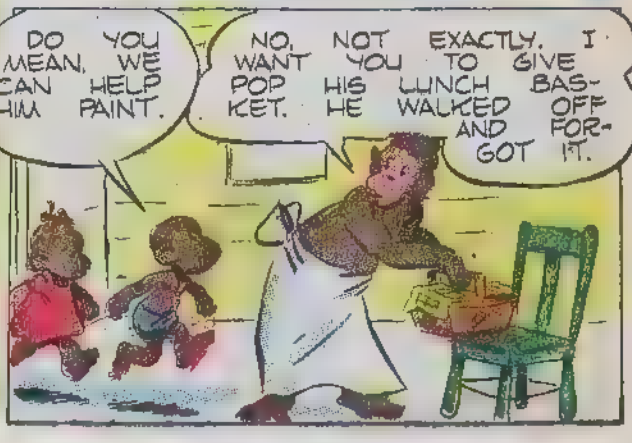

DID I HEAR HIM SAY WORK ?
THAT IS WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE, BUT I THINK HE MADE A MISTAKE.

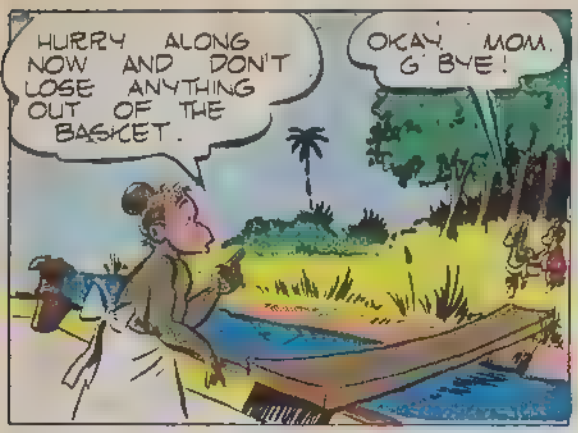

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, CHILDREN, YOU HEARD CORRECTLY. POP IS GOING TO HELP HARRY HIPPO PAINT HIS HOUSE.

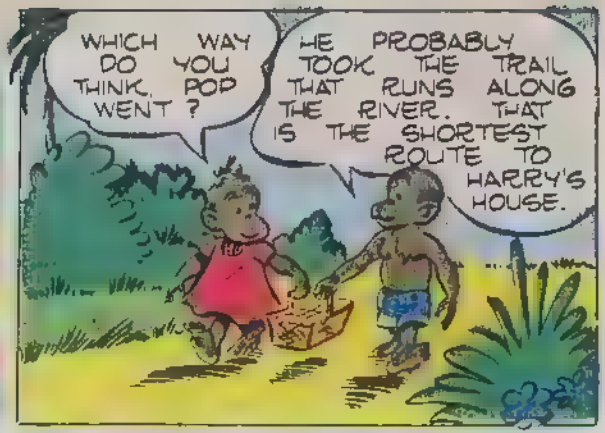

OBOY, CAN WE GO WITH HIM ?
NO, YOU KIDS WOULD ONLY BE IN THE WAY.

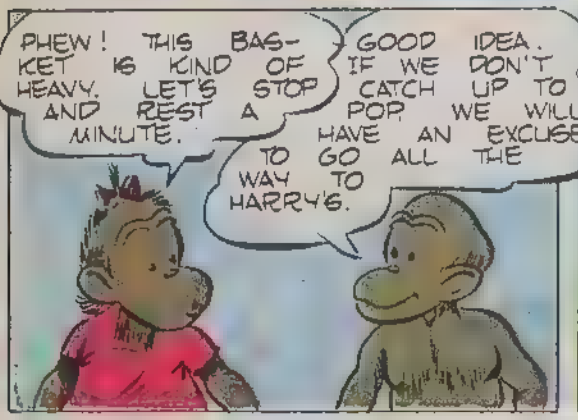

GEE WHIZ, I LIKE TO PAINT. I'LL BET WE WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP.
I'D LIKE TO GO, JUST TO SEE POP WORKING.

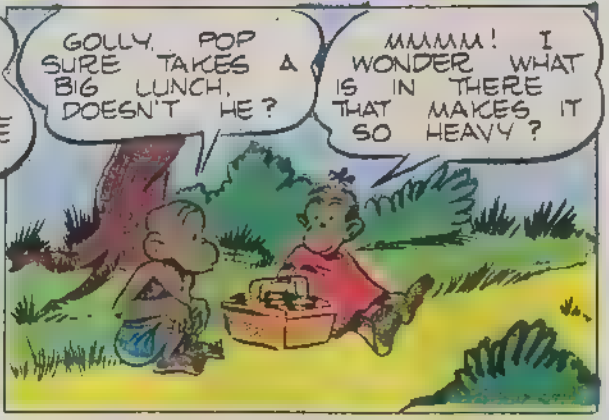

FLIP 'N' DIP, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. I WANT YOU TO HURRY AND CATCH UP TO POP.

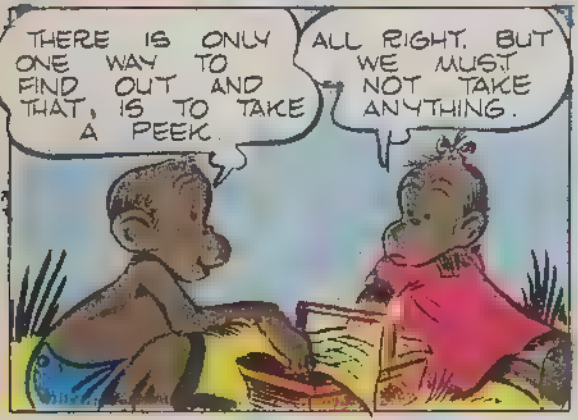

DO YOU MEAN, WE CAN HELP HIM PAINT.
NO, NOT EXACTLY. I WANT YOU TO GIVE POP HIS LUNCH BASKET. HE WALKED OFF AND FORGOT IT.

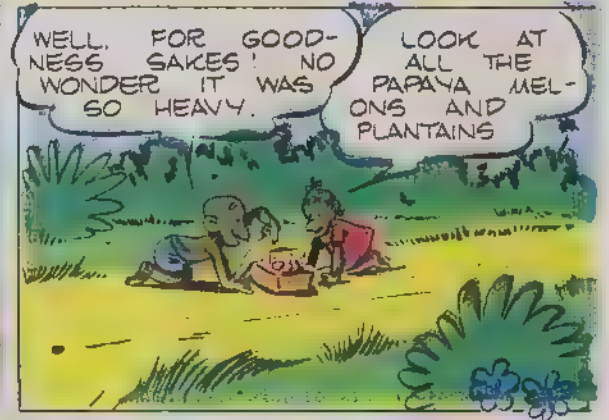

HURRY ALONG NOW AND DON'T LOSE ANYTHING OUT OF THE BASKET.
OKAY, MOM. G'BYE!

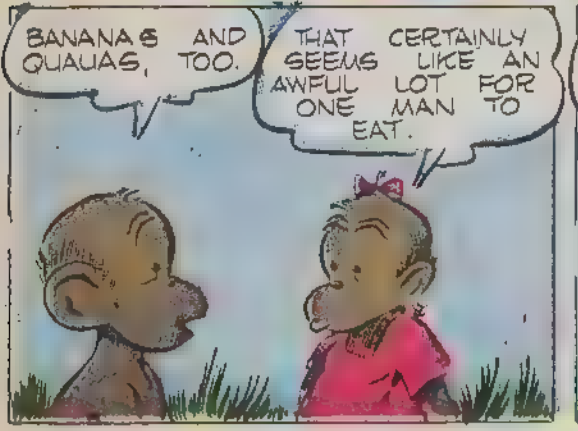

WHICH WAY DO YOU THINK, POP WENT?
HE PROBABLY TOOK THE TRAIL THAT RUNS ALONG THE RIVER. THAT IS THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO HARRY'S HOUSE.

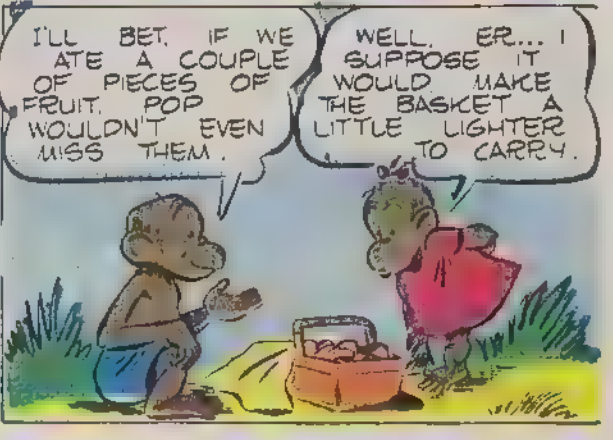

PHEW! THIS BASKET IS KIND OF HEAVY. LET'S STOP AND REST A MINUTE.
GOOD IDEA. IF WE DON'T CATCH UP TO POP, WE WILL HAVE AN EXCUSE TO GO ALL THE WAY TO HARRY'S.


GOLLY, POP SURE TAKES A BIG LUNCH, DOESN'T HE?
MMMM! I WONDER WHAT IS IN THERE THAT MAKES IT SO HEAVY?

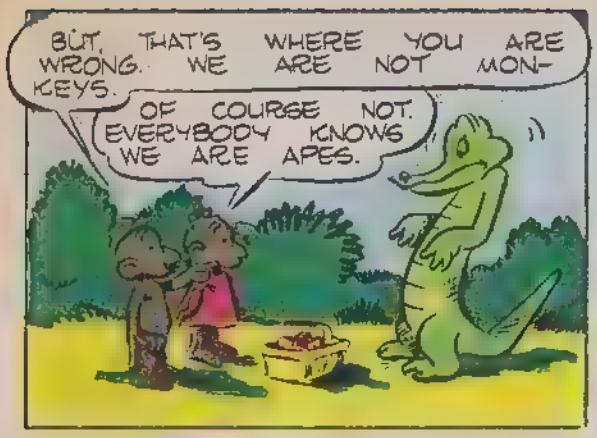

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT AND THAT IS TO TAKE A PEEK.
ALL RIGHT. BUT WE MUST NOT TAKE ANYTHING.

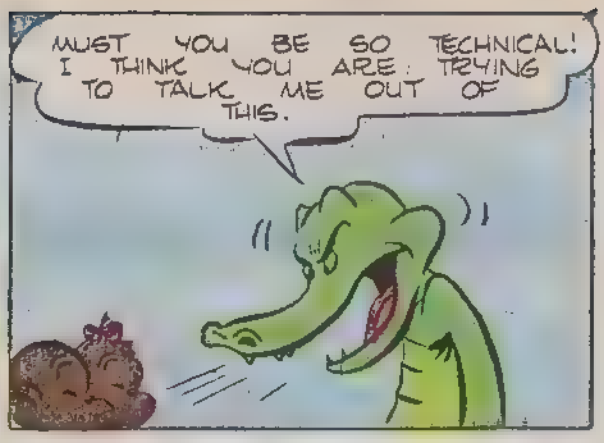

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES! NO WONDER IT WAS SO HEAVY.
LOOK AT ALL THE PAPAYA MELONS AND PLANTAINS

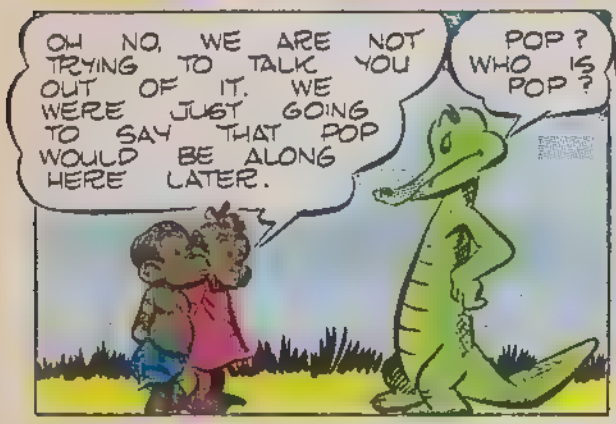

BANANAS AND GUAVAS, TOO.
THAT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL LOT FOR ONE MAN TO EAT.

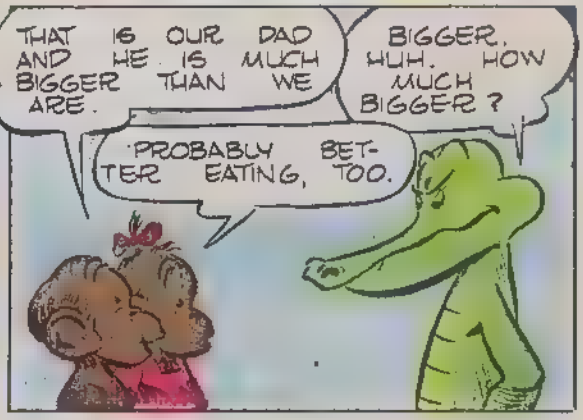

I'LL BET, IF WE ATE A COUPLE OF PIECES OF FRUIT, POP WOULDN'T EVEN MISS THEM.
WELL, ER... I SUPPOSE IT WOULD MAKE THE BASKET A LITTLE LIGHTER TO CARRY.

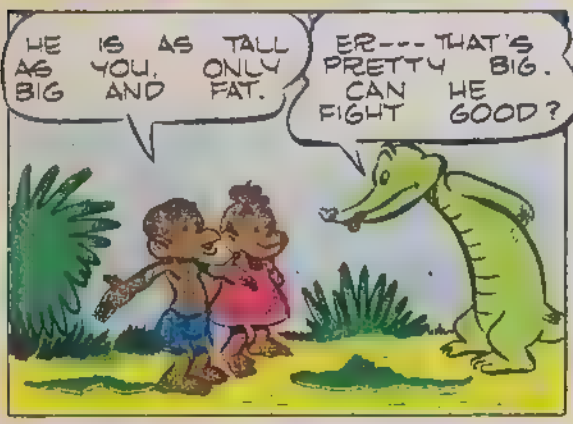
LET'S SEE — I THINK I'LL EAT A PAPAYA.
I'M GOING TO TRY THE QUAUAS, BUT I HAD BETTER TAKE TWO OR THREE BECAUSE THEY ARE VERY SMALL.
BOY, THESE ARE GOOD, HUH ?
MMMM !
CRUNCH! CRUNCH
MY, MY, SUCH DELICIOUS — ER — I MEAN DELIGHTFUL LOOKING CHILDREN.
?
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, DIP. IT'S THAT MEAN OLD CROCODILE!
HOLD ON THERE, KIDDIES. THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A FRIENDLY CROC.
PLOP!
EVERYBODY SAYS YOU ARE MEAN AND YOU ALWAYS CHASE PEOPLE.
STUFF AND NONSENSE, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SPOOFING YOU.
DON'T YOU DARE EAT MY POP'S LUNCH !
I WOULDN'T THINK OF EATING ALL THAT FRUIT, SONNY, BUT I WANT YOU AND YOUR SISTER TO EAT IT.
YOU DO ?
WHY ?
THEN YOU WILL BE BIG AND FAT AND I CAN EAT YOU !
GOSH, MR CROCODILE, WE ARE MUCH TOO SMALL TO EAT.
SURE, WE WOULD ONLY BE A MORSEL FOR A BIG HUSKY LIKE YOU.
HMMM ! YOU ARE KIND OF PUNY, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD MONKEY MEAT IN A LONG TIME.

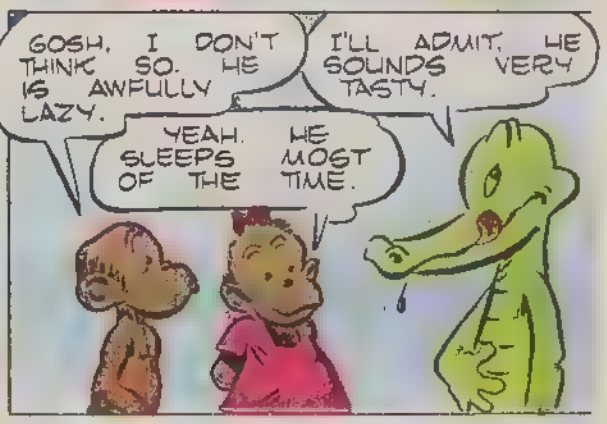

BUT, THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE WRONG. WE ARE NOT MONKEYS.
OF COURSE NOT. EVERYBODY KNOWS WE ARE APES.

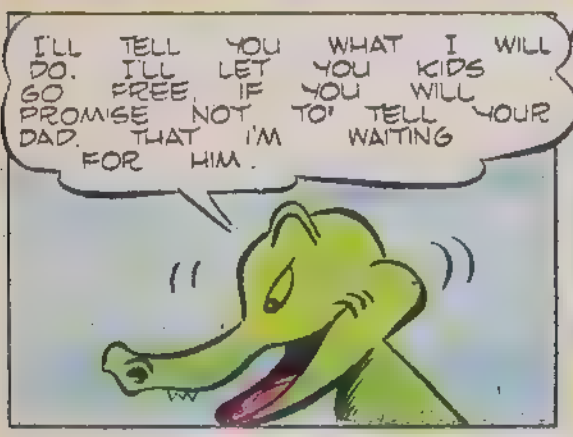

MUST YOU BE SO TECHNICAL! I THINK YOU ARE TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF THIS.

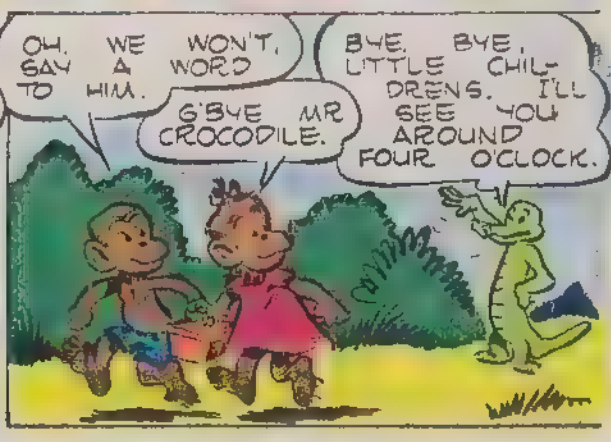

OH NO, WE ARE NOT TRYING TO TALK YOU OUT OF IT. WE WERE JUST GOING TO SAY THAT POP WOULD BE ALONG HERE LATER.
POP? WHO IS POP?

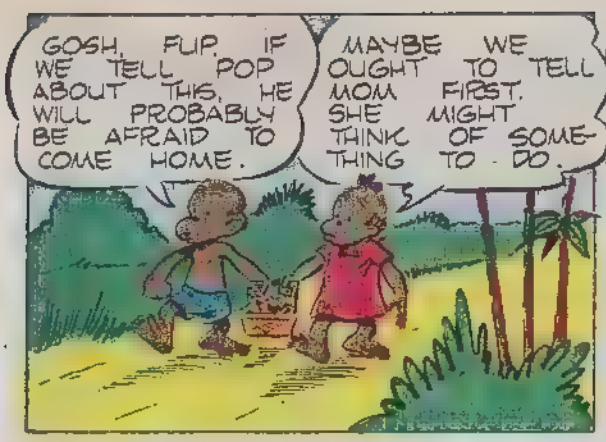

THAT IS OUR DAD AND HE IS MUCH BIGGER THAN WE ARE.
BIGGER. HUH. HOW MUCH BIGGER?
PROBABLY BETTER EATING, TOO.

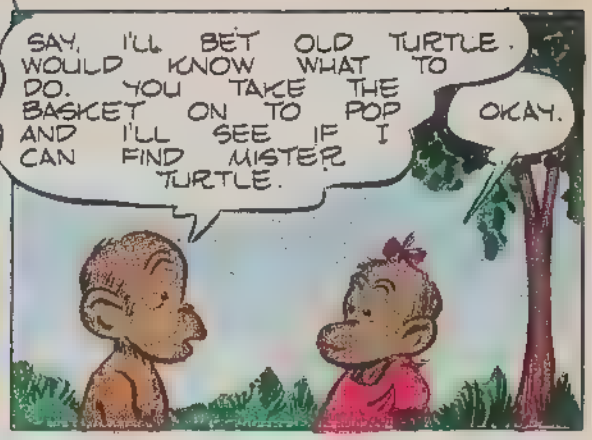

HE IS AS TALL AS YOU, ONLY BIG AND FAT.
ER--- THAT'S PRETTY BIG. CAN HE FIGHT GOOD?


GOSH, I DON'T THINK SO. HE IS AWFULLY LAZY.
I'LL ADMIT, HE SOUNDS VERY TASTY.
YEAH. HE SLEEPS MOST OF THE TIME.

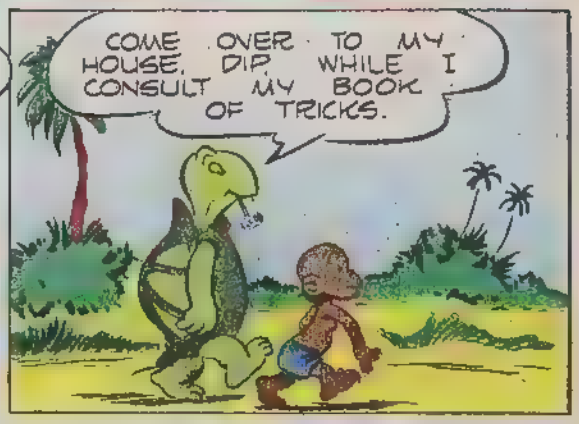

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WILL DO. I'LL LET YOU KIDS GO FREE, IF YOU WILL PROMISE NOT TO TELL YOUR DAD. THAT I'M WAITING FOR HIM.

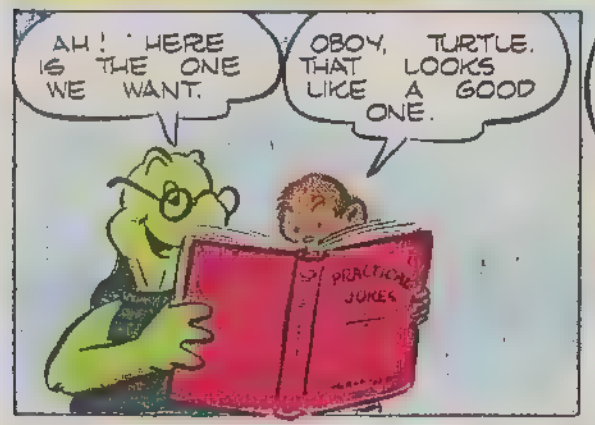

OH, WE WON'T SAY A WORD TO HIM.
G'BYE MR CROCODILE.
BYE, BYE, LITTLE CHILDRENS. I'LL SEE YOU AROUND FOUR O'CLOCK.

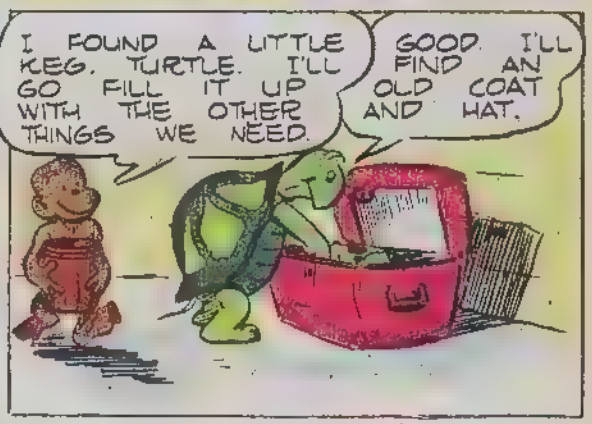

GOSH, FLIP, IF WE TELL POP ABOUT THIS, HE WILL PROBABLY BE AFRAID TO COME HOME.
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TELL MOM FIRST. SHE MIGHT THINK OF SOMETHING TO DO.

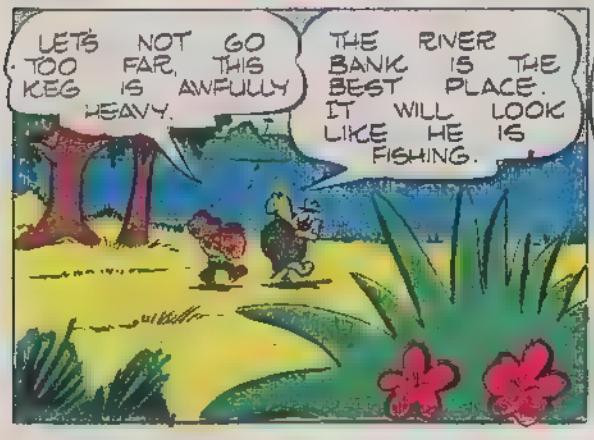

SAY, I'LL BET OLD TURTLE WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO. YOU TAKE THE BASKET ON TO POP AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND MISTER TURTLE.
OKAY.

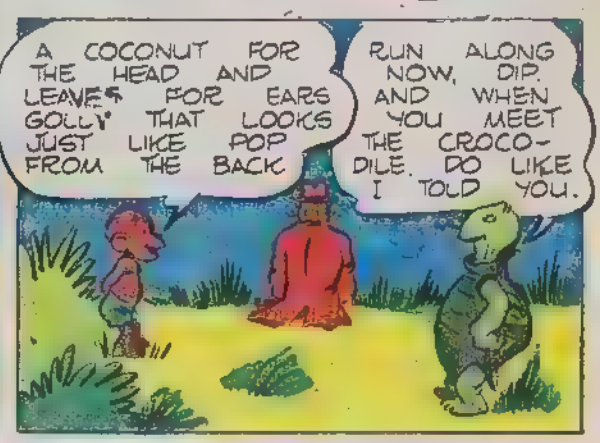
LATER
THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, TURTLE. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?
HMMM! THAT CALLS FOR A LITTLE STRATEGY.

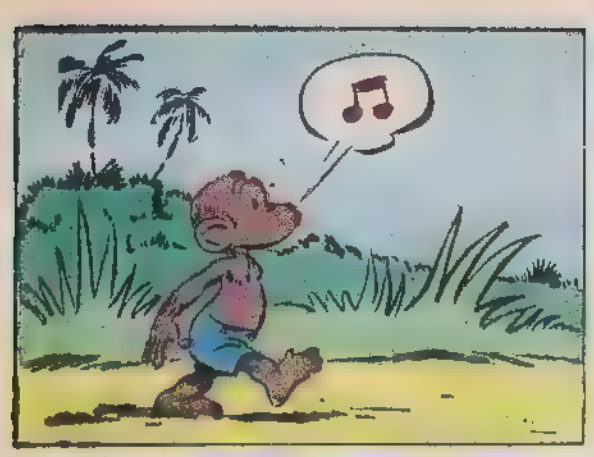

COME OVER TO MY HOUSE, DIP, WHILE I CONSULT MY BOOK OF TRICKS.

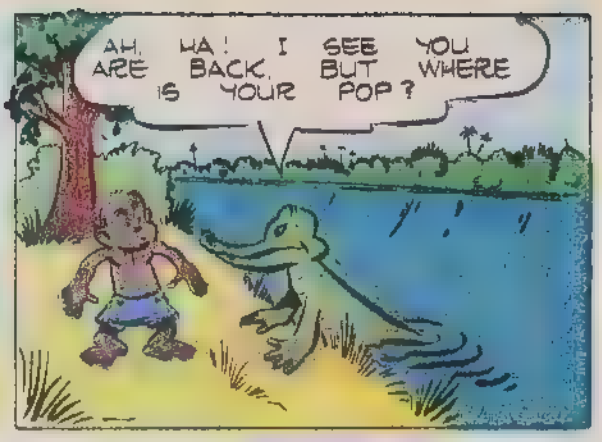

AH! HERE IS THE ONE WE WANT.
OBOY, TURTLE. THAT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ONE.
PRACTICAL JOKES

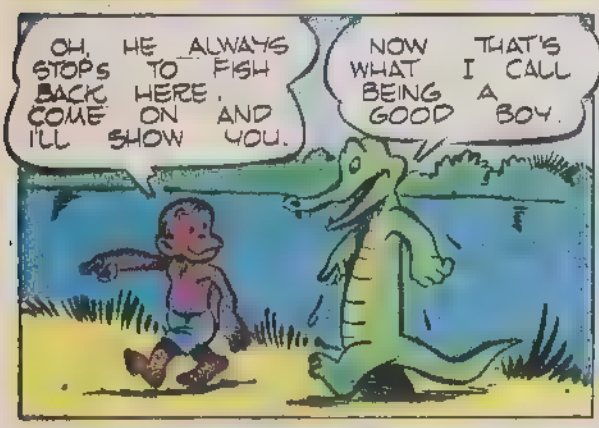

I FOUND A LITTLE KEG, TURTLE. I'LL GO FILL IT UP WITH THE OTHER THINGS WE NEED.
GOOD. I'LL FIND AN OLD COAT AND HAT.

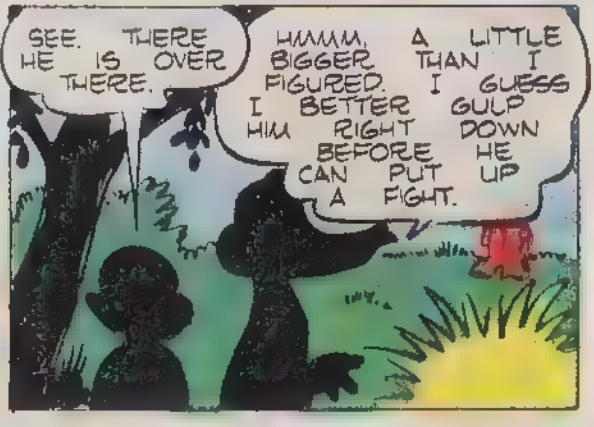

LET'S NOT GO TOO FAR, THIS KEG IS AWFULLY HEAVY.
THE RIVER BANK IS THE BEST PLACE. IT WILL LOOK LIKE HE IS FISHING.

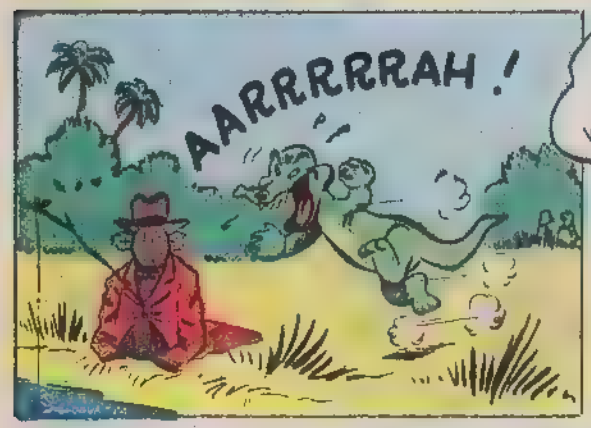

A COCONUT FOR THE HEAD AND LEAVES FOR EARS GOLLY THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE POP FROM THE BACK
RUN ALONG NOW, DIP. AND WHEN YOU MEET THE CROCODILE, DO LIKE I TOLD YOU.

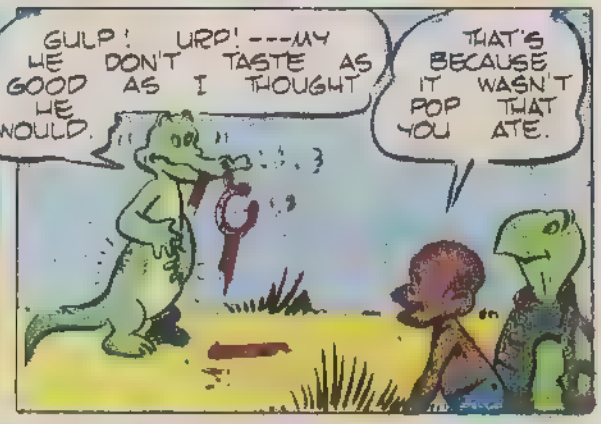


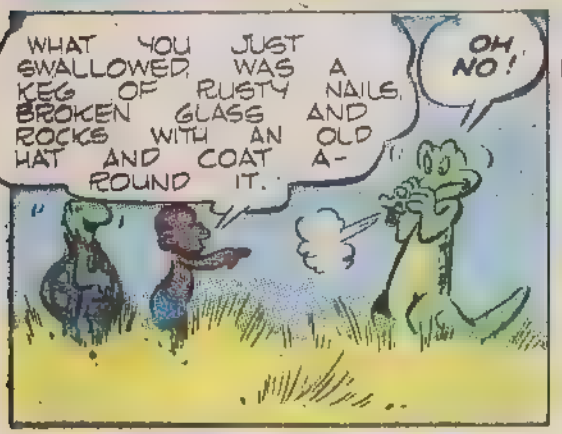

AH, HA! I SEE YOU ARE BACK, BUT WHERE IS YOUR POP?

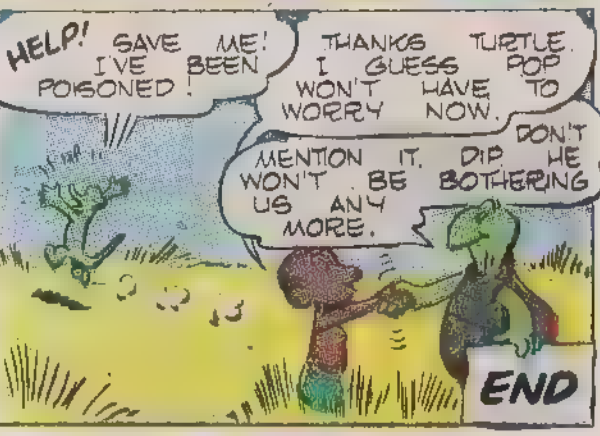

OH, HE ALWAYS STOPS TO FISH BACK HERE. COME ON AND I'LL SHOW YOU.
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL BEING A GOOD BOY.


SEE. THERE HE IS OVER THERE.
HMMM, A LITTLE BIGGER THAN I FIGURED. I GUESS I BETTER GULP HIM RIGHT DOWN BEFORE HE CAN PUT UP A FIGHT.


AARRRRRAH!

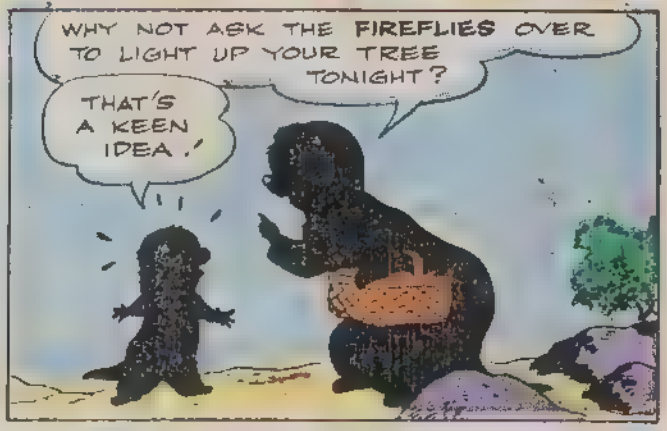

GULP! URP! ---MY HE DON'T TASTE AS GOOD AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD.
THAT'S BECAUSE IT WASN'T POP THAT YOU ATE.

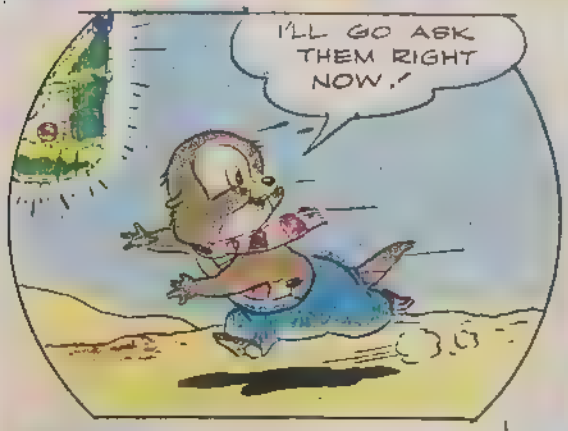

WHAT YOU JUST SWALLOWED WAS A KEG OF RUSTY NAILS, BROKEN GLASS AND ROCKS WITH AN OLD HAT AND COAT A-ROUND IT.
OH, NO!

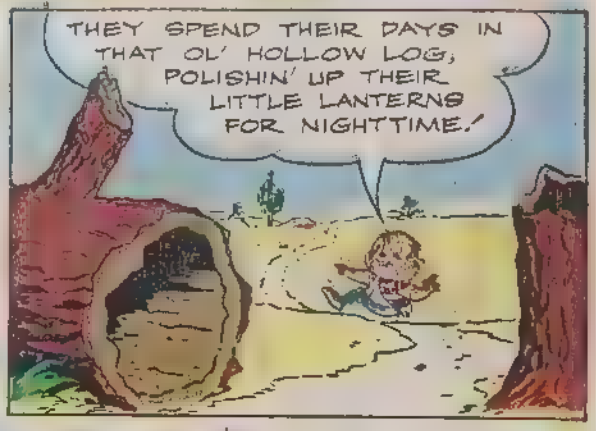

HELP! SAVE ME! I'VE BEEN POISONED!
THANKS TURTLE. I GUESS POP WON'T HAVE TO WORRY NOW.
DON'T MENTION IT. DID HE WON'T BE BOTHERING US ANY MORE.
END

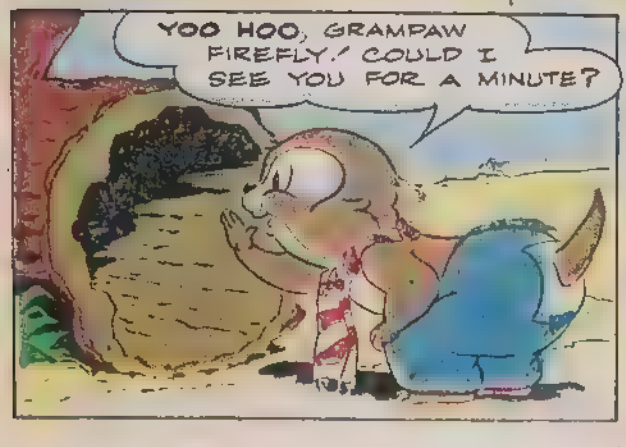
M.G.M. CARTOONS present WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
HOW DO YOU LIKE TH' WAY I DECORATED OUR CHRISTMAS TREE, MOM?
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, WUFF.!

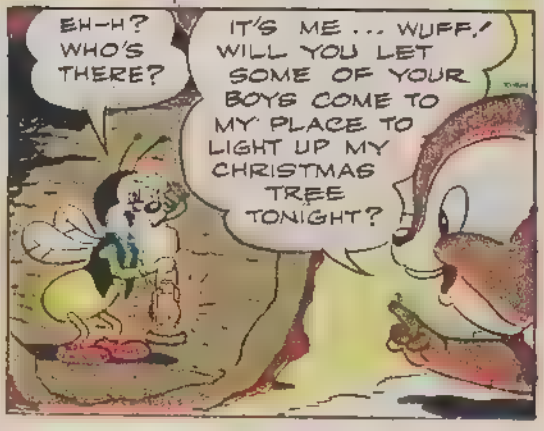
IT'S A SHAME WE DON'T HAVE SOME TREE LIGHTS SO IT WOULD SHINE AT NIGHT.!

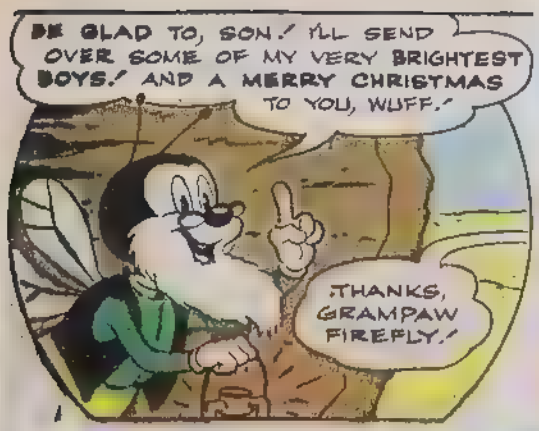

WHY NOT ASK THE FIREFLIES OVER TO LIGHT UP YOUR TREE TONIGHT?
THAT'S A KEEN IDEA.!

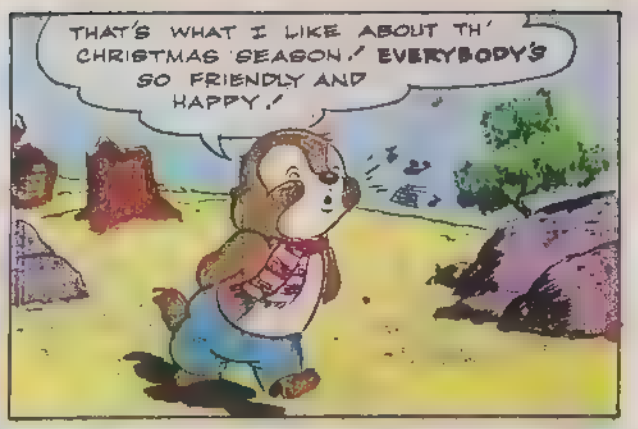

I'LL GO ASK THEM RIGHT NOW.!

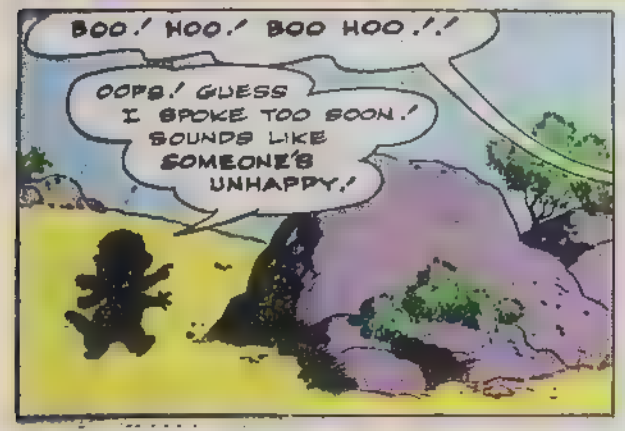

THEY SPEND THEIR DAYS IN THAT OL' HOLLOW LOG, POLISHIN' UP THEIR LITTLE LANTERNS FOR NIGHTTIME.!


YOO HOO, GRAMPAW FIREFLY.! COULD I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

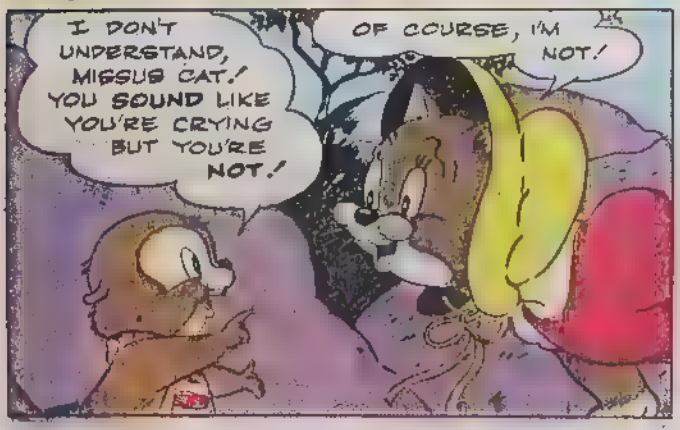

EH-H? WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ME... WUFF.! WILL YOU LET SOME OF YOUR BOYS COME TO MY PLACE TO LIGHT UP MY CHRISTMAS TREE TONIGHT?

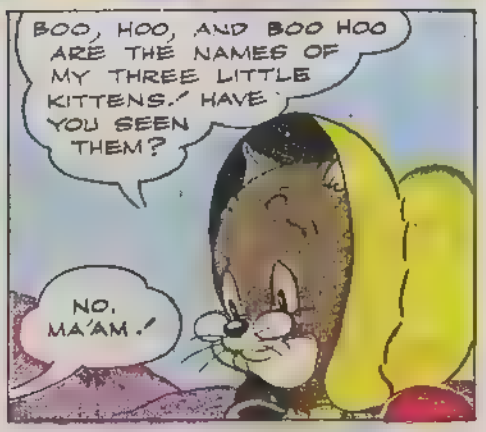

BE GLAD TO, SON.! I'LL SEND OVER SOME OF MY VERY BRIGHTEST BOYS.! AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, WUFF.!
THANKS, GRAMPAW FIREFLY.!

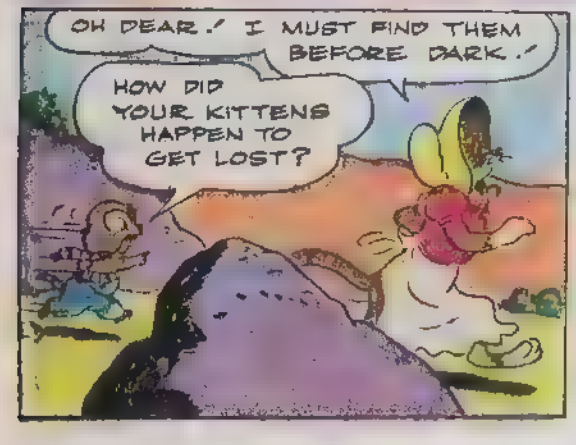

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT TH' CHRISTMAS SEASON.! EVERYBODY'S SO FRIENDLY AND HAPPY.!

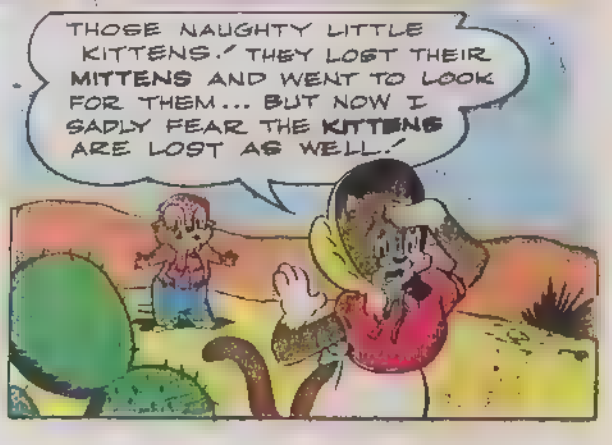

BOO.! HOO.! BOO HOO.!.!
OOPS.! GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON.! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S UNHAPPY.!

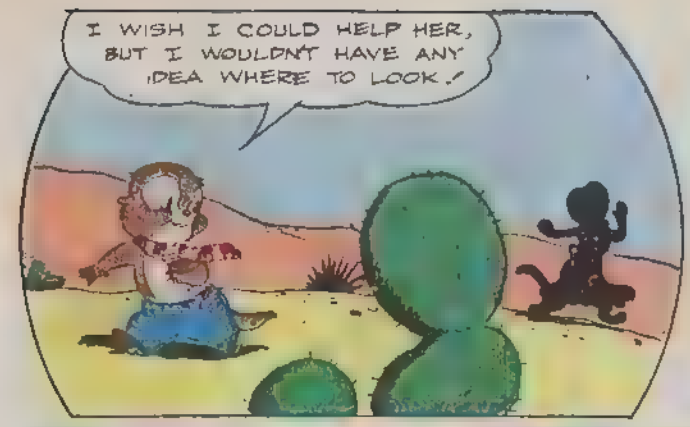
BOO.! HOO! BOO HOO.!.!
?

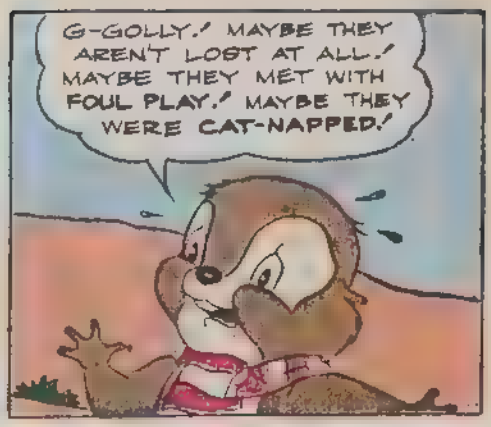

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MISSUS CAT.! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE CRYING BUT YOU'RE NOT.!
OF COURSE, I'M NOT.!

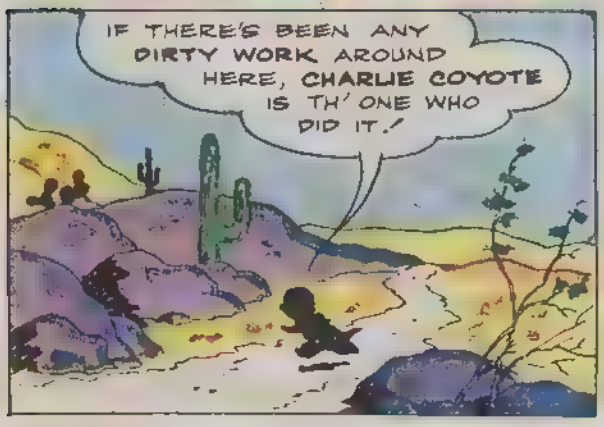

BOO, HOO, AND BOO HOO ARE THE NAMES OF MY THREE LITTLE KITTENS.! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
NO, MA'AM.!

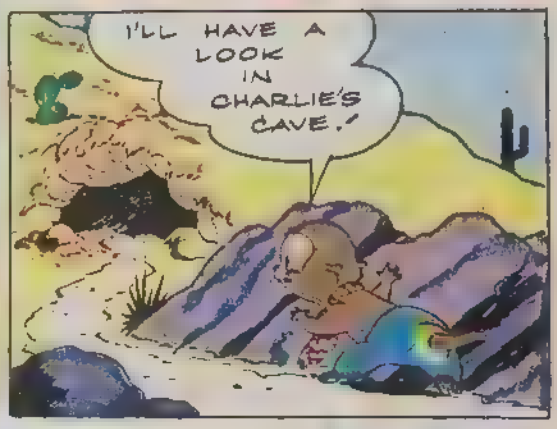

OH DEAR.! I MUST FIND THEM BEFORE DARK.!
HOW DID YOUR KITTENS HAPPEN TO GET LOST?

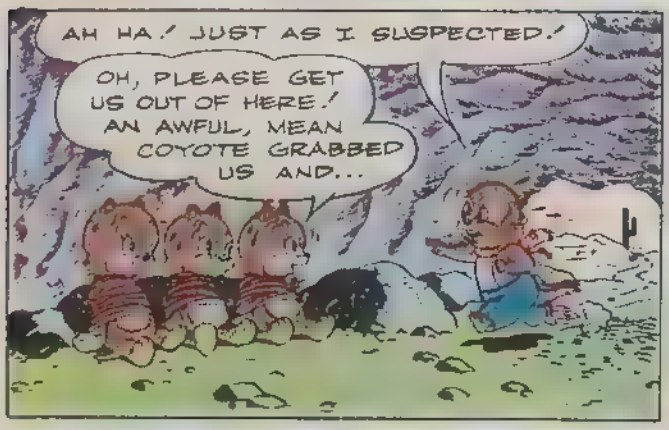

THOSE NAUGHTY LITTLE KITTENS.! THEY LOST THEIR MITTENS AND WENT TO LOOK FOR THEM... BUT NOW I SADLY FEAR THE KITTENS ARE LOST AS WELL.!

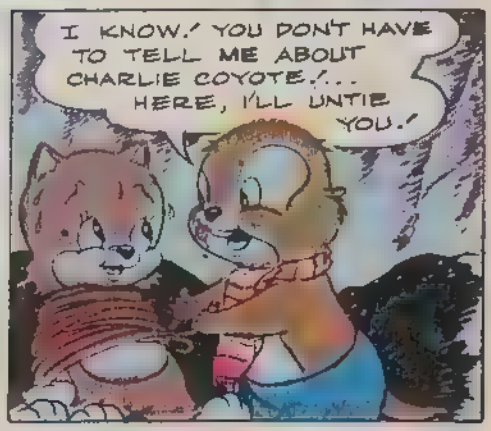

I WISH I COULD HELP HER, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE TO LOOK.!

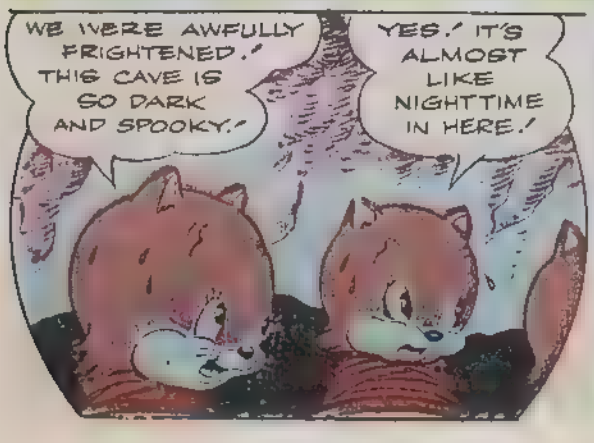

G-GOLLY.! MAYBE THEY AREN'T LOST AT ALL.! MAYBE THEY MET WITH FOUL PLAY.! MAYBE THEY WERE CAT-NAPPED.!

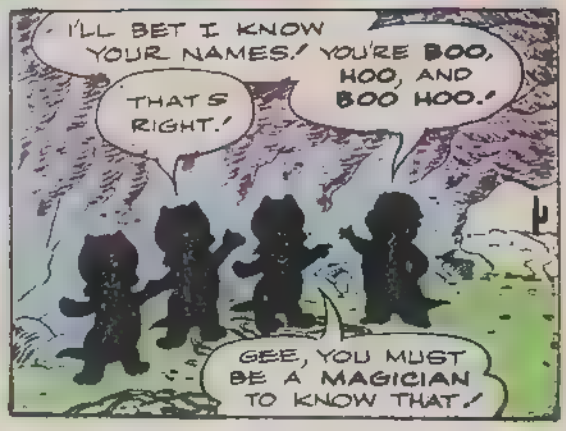

IF THERE'S BEEN ANY DIRTY WORK AROUND HERE, CHARLIE COYOTE IS TH' ONE WHO DID IT.!

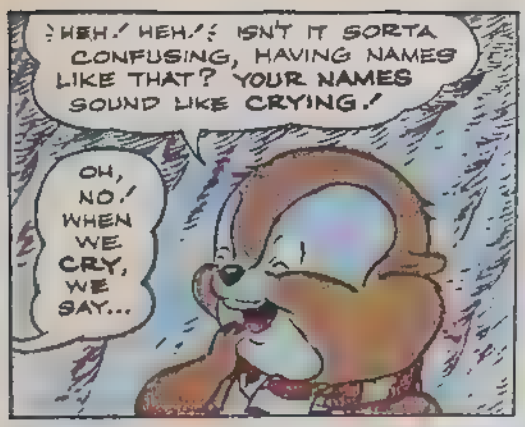

I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN CHARLIE'S CAVE.!

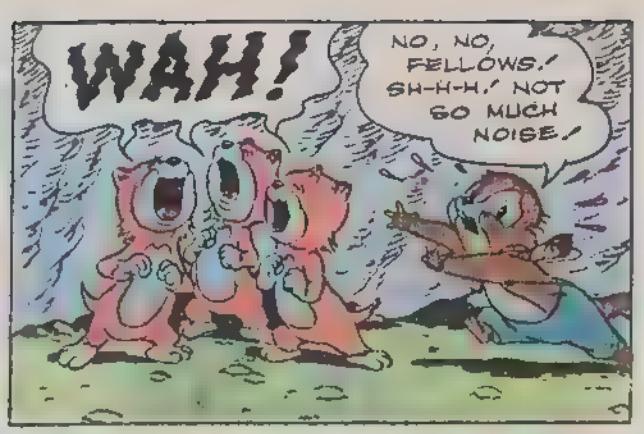

AH HA.! JUST AS I SUSPECTED.!
OH, PLEASE GET US OUT OF HERE.! AN AWFUL, MEAN COYOTE GRABBED US AND...

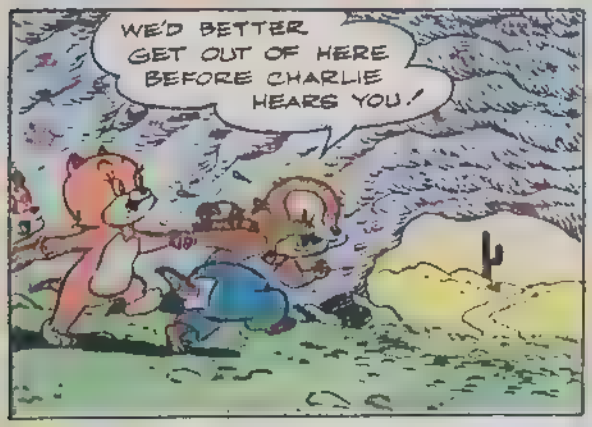

I KNOW.! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT CHARLIE COYOTE.!... HERE, I'LL UNTIE YOU.!

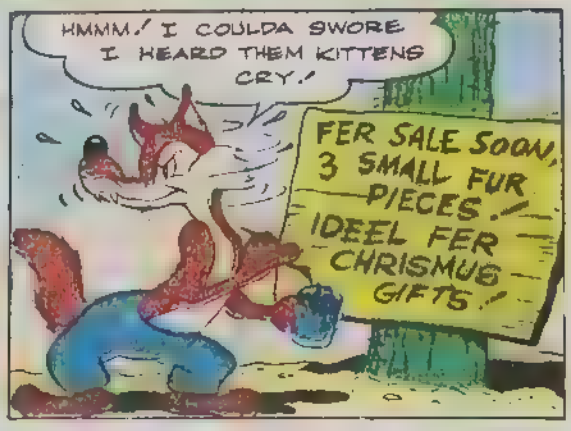

WE WERE AWFULLY FRIGHTENED.! THIS CAVE IS SO DARK AND SPOOKY.!
YES.! IT'S ALMOST LIKE NIGHTTIME IN HERE.!

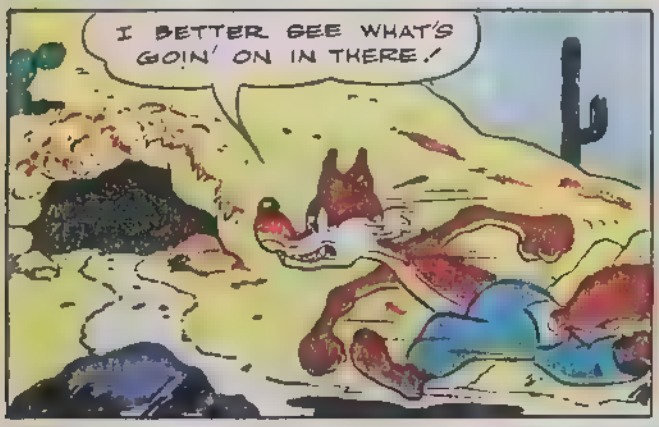

I'LL BET I KNOW YOUR NAMES.! YOU'RE BOO, HOO, AND BOO HOO.!
THAT'S RIGHT.!
GEE, YOU MUST BE A MAGICIAN TO KNOW THAT.!

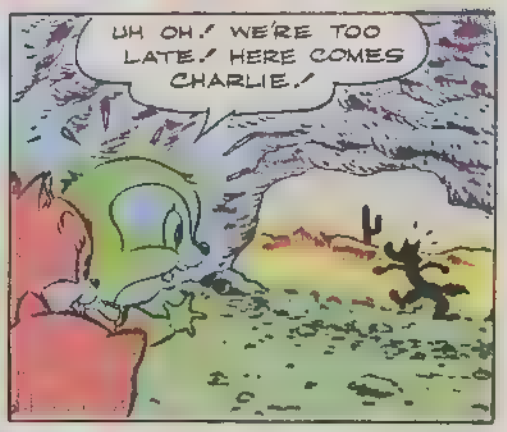

HEH! HEH! ISN'T IT SORTA CONFUSING, HAVING NAMES LIKE THAT? YOUR NAMES SOUND LIKE CRYING!
OH, NO! WHEN WE CRY, WE SAY...

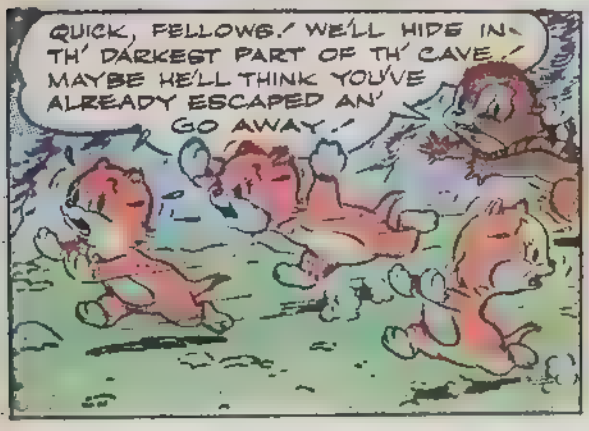

WAH!
NO, NO, FELLOWS! SH-H-H! NOT SO MUCH NOISE!

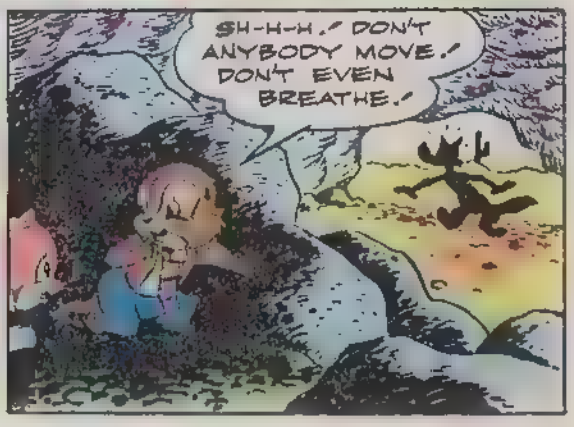

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE CHARLIE HEARS YOU!

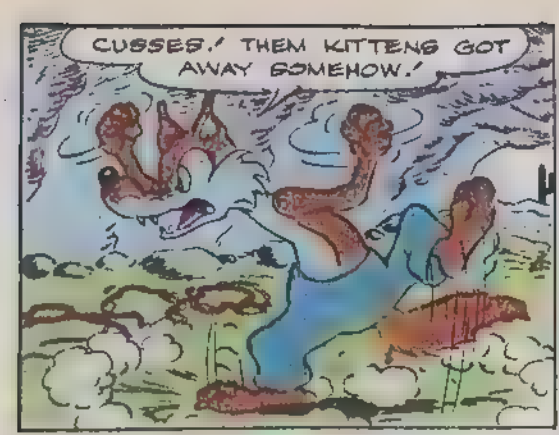

HMMM! I COULDA SWORE I HEARD THEM KITTENS CRY!
FER SALE SOON, 3 SMALL FUR PIECES! IDEEL FER CHRISMUS GIFTS!

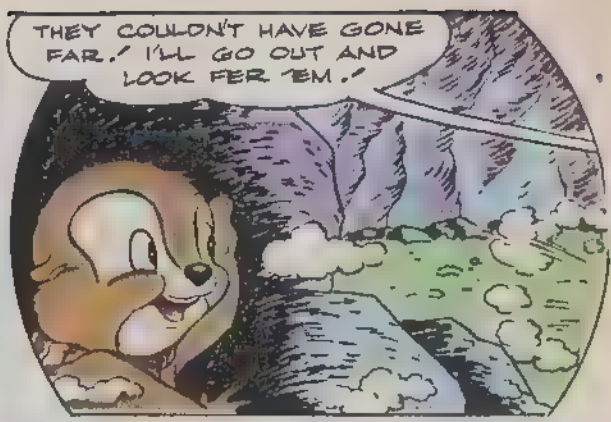

I BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THERE!

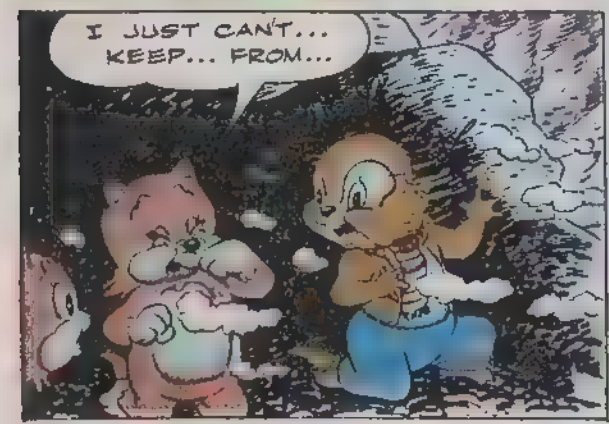

UH OH! WE'RE TOO LATE! HERE COMES CHARLIE!

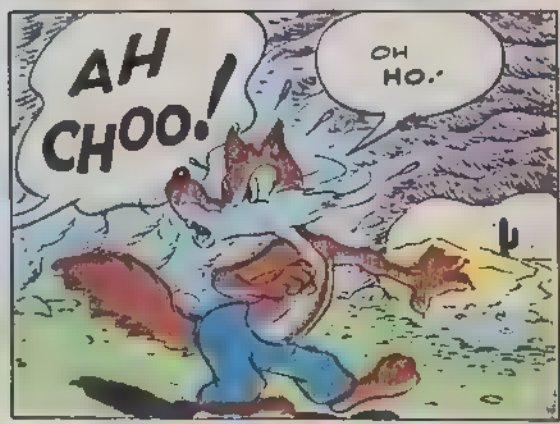

QUICK, FELLOWS! WE'LL HIDE IN TH' DARKEST PART OF TH' CAVE! MAYBE HE'LL THINK YOU'VE ALREADY ESCAPED AN' GO AWAY!

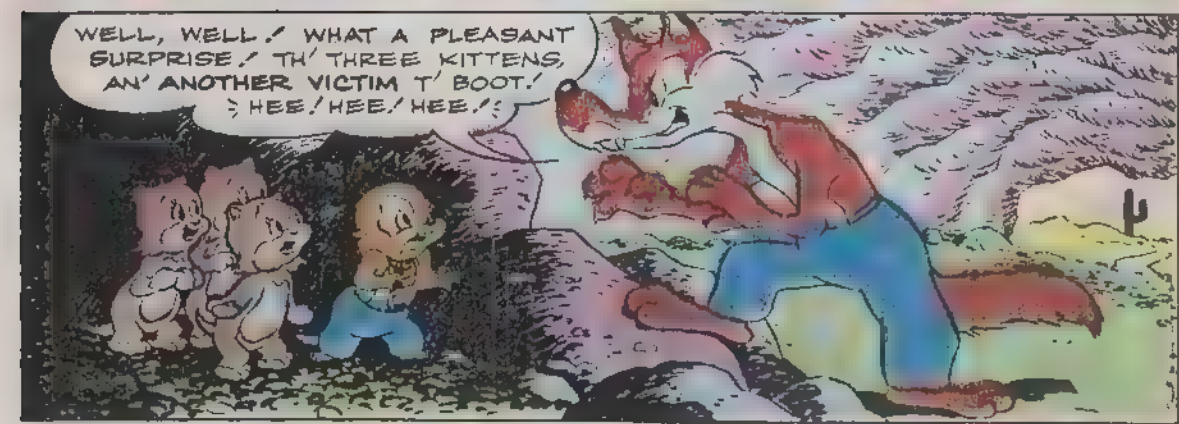

SH-H-H! DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! DON'T EVEN BREATHE!

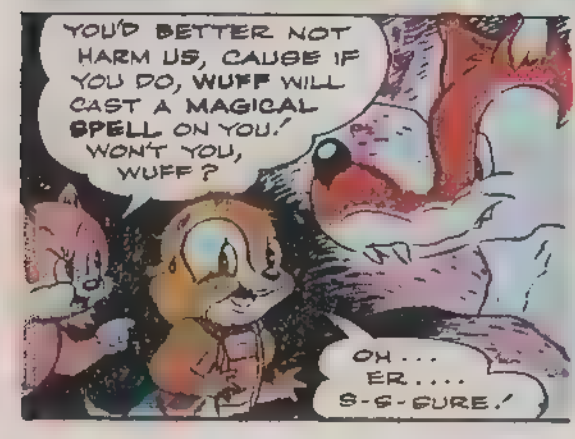

CUSSES! THEM KITTENS GOT AWAY SOMEHOW!

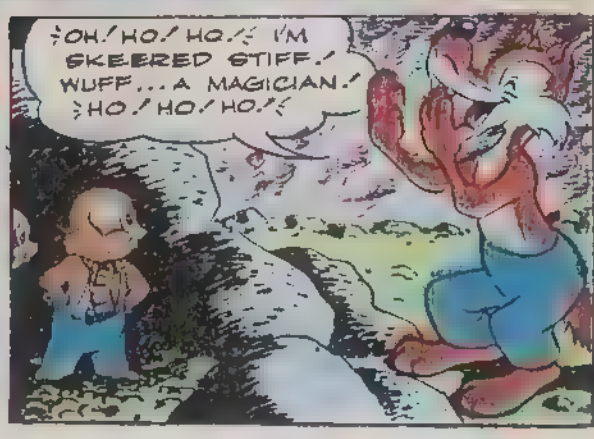

THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR! I'LL GO OUT AND LOOK FER 'EM!

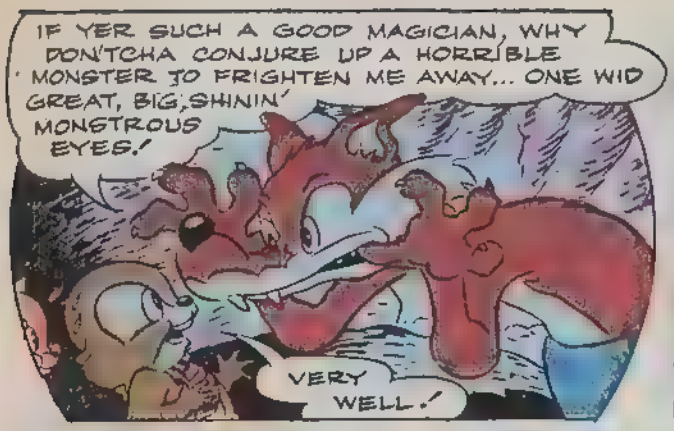

I JUST CAN'T... KEEP... FROM...

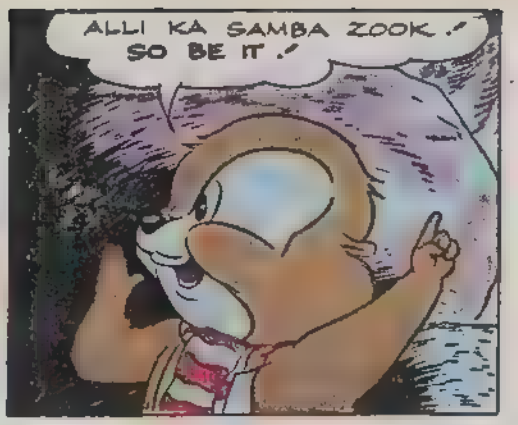

AH CHOO!
OH HO!

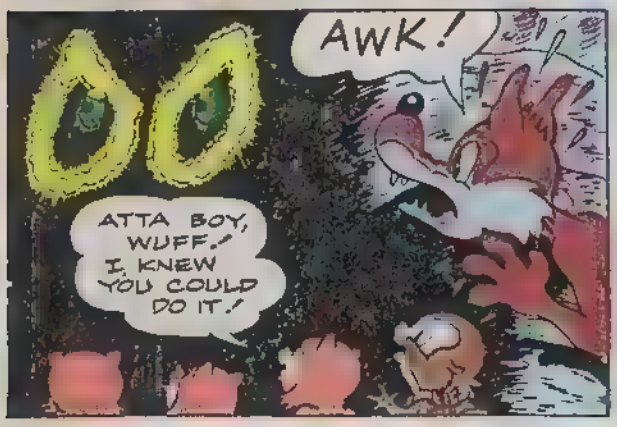

WELL, WELL! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE! TH' THREE KITTENS, AN' ANOTHER VICTIM T' BOOT! ⟨HEE! HEE! HEE!⟩

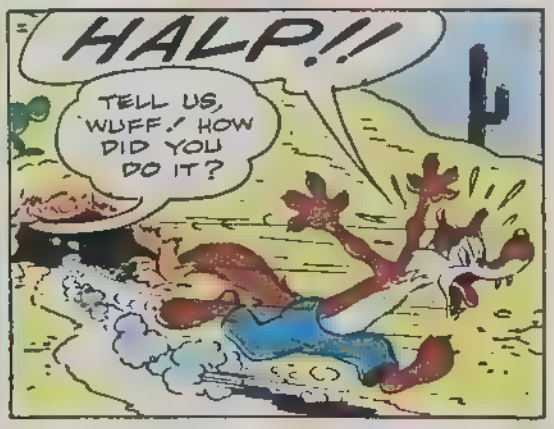

YOU'D BETTER NOT HARM US, CAUSE IF YOU DO, WUFF WILL CAST A MAGICAL SPELL ON YOU! WON'T YOU, WUFF?
OH... ER.... S-S-SURE!

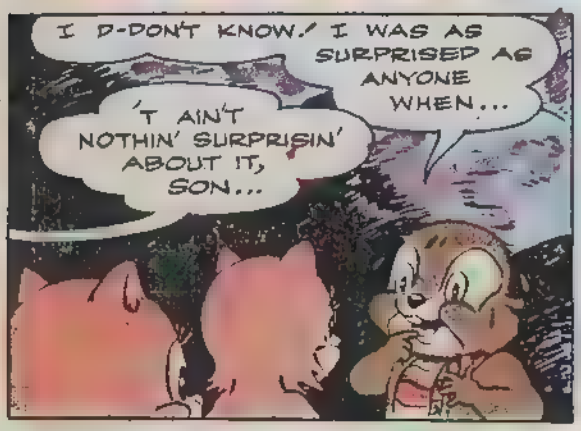

⟨OH! HO! HO!⟩ I'M SKEERED STIFF! WUFF... A MAGICIAN! ⟨HO! HO! HO!⟩

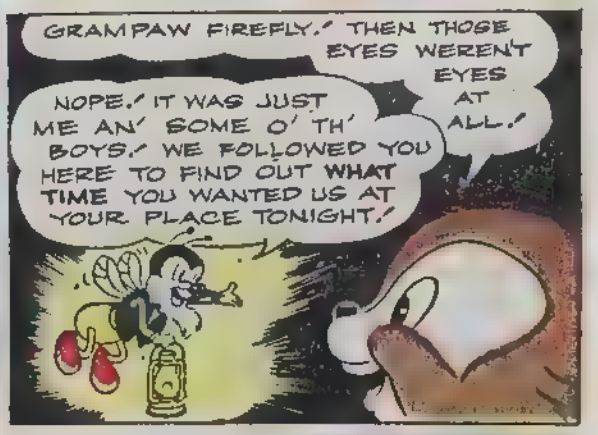


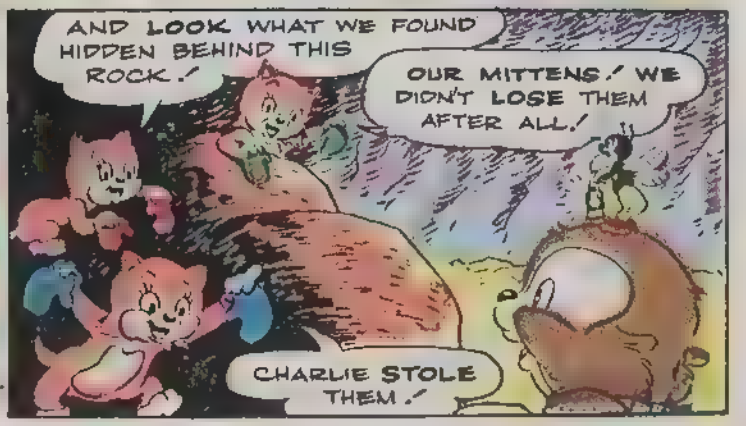








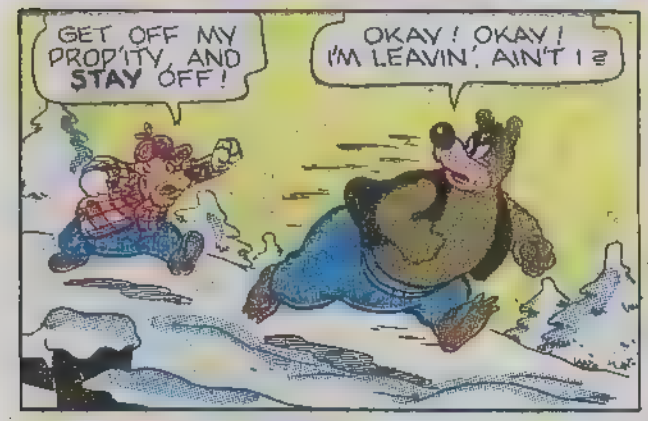


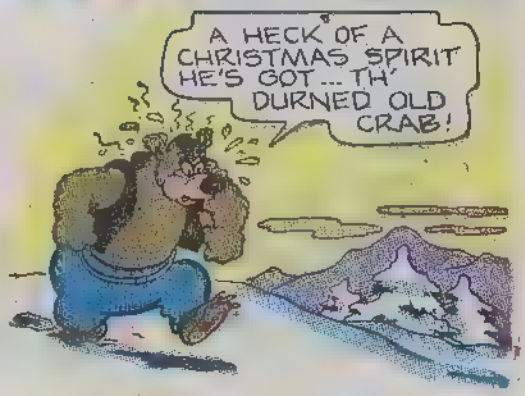


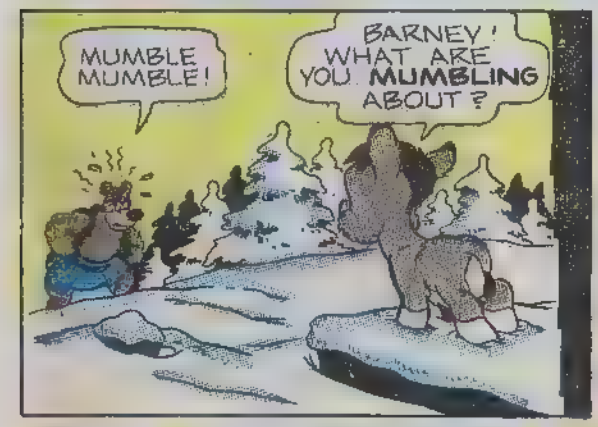
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

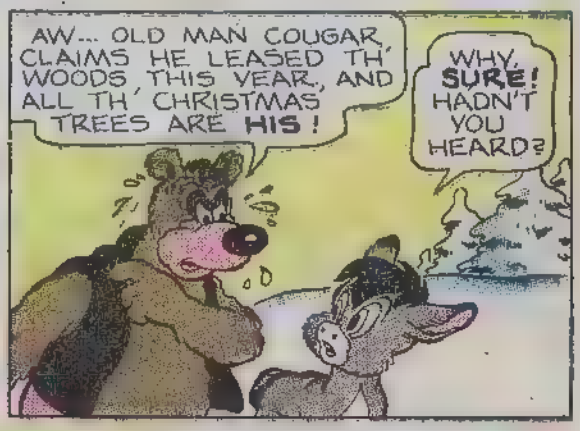
M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

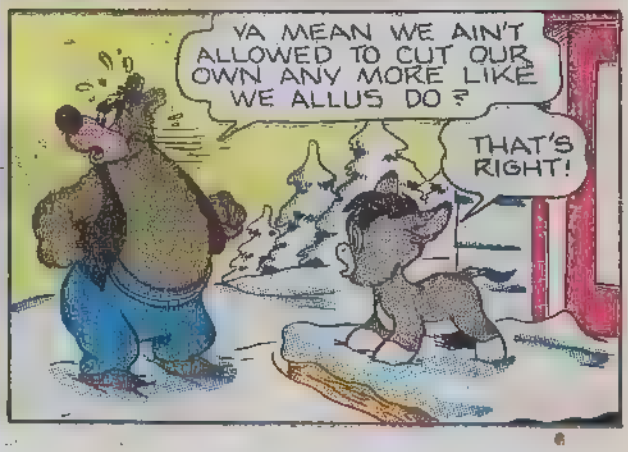
BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO

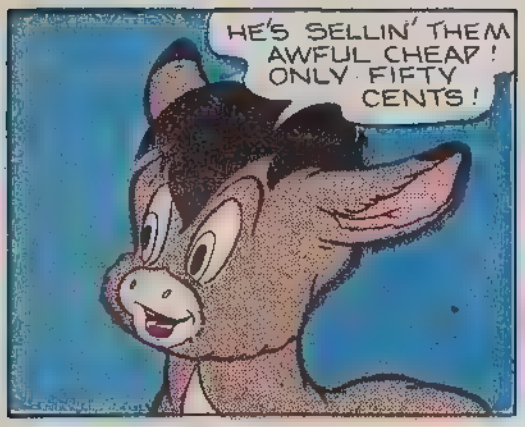


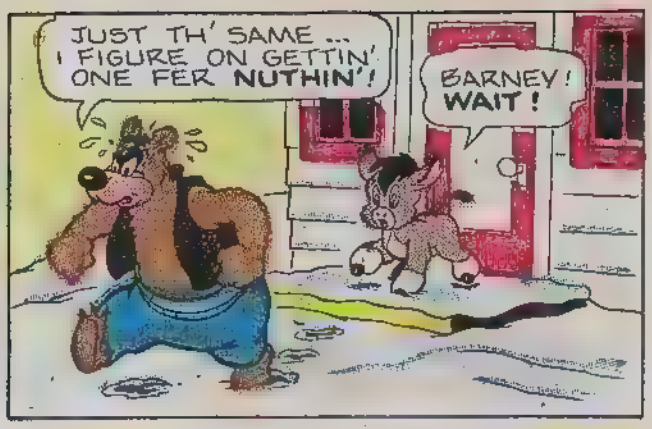




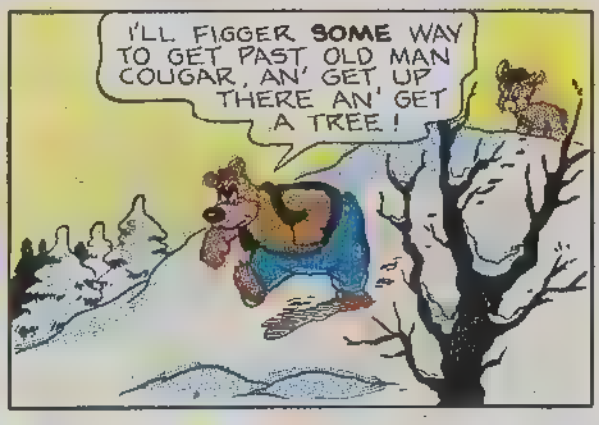


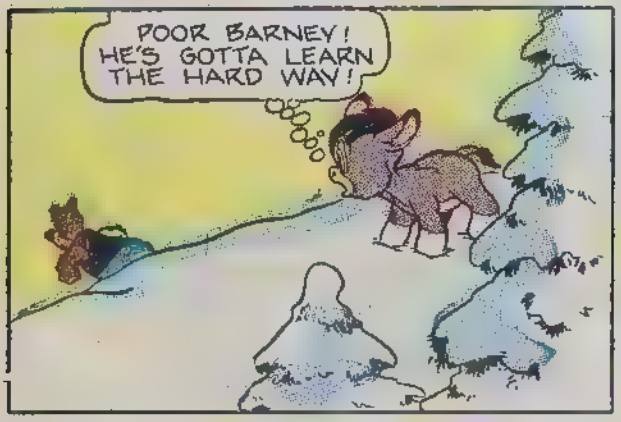


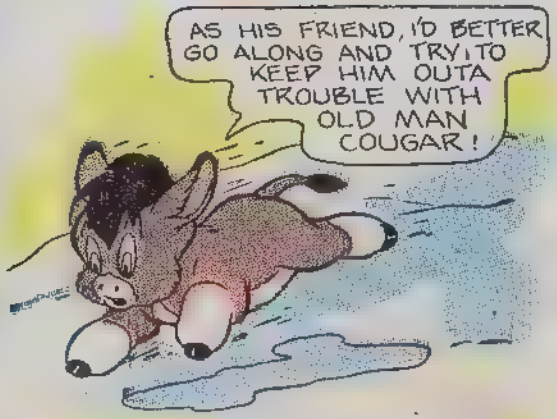

HE'S SELLIN' THEM AWFUL CHEAP! ONLY FIFTY CENTS!


JUST TH' SAME ... I FIGURE ON GETTIN' ONE FER NUTHIN'!
BARNEY! WAIT!

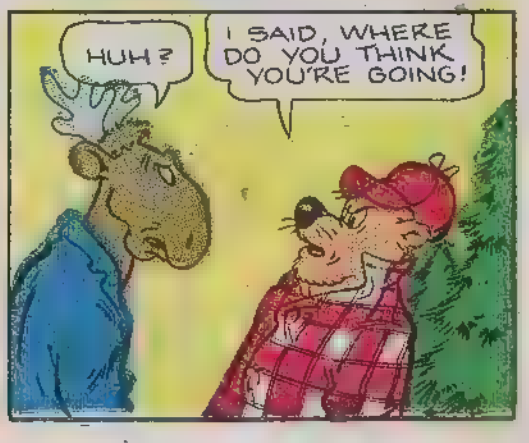
IT'S WORTH FIFTY CENTS, NOT HAVING TO CUT AND HAUL IT OUT OF THE WOODS!


I'LL FIGGER SOME WAY TO GET PAST OLD MAN COUGAR, AN' GET UP THERE AN' GET A TREE!


POOR BARNEY! HE'S GOTTA LEARN THE HARD WAY!

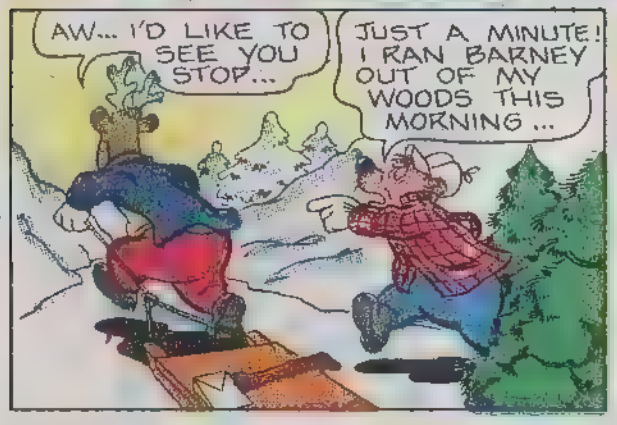

AS HIS FRIEND, I'D BETTER GO ALONG AND TRY TO KEEP HIM OUTA TROUBLE WITH OLD MAN COUGAR!

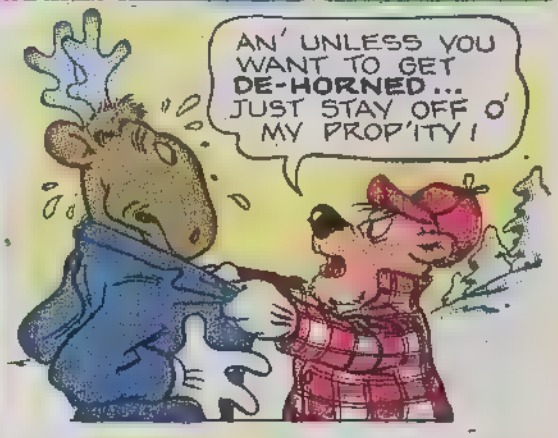
MEANWHILE...
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, McELK?
COUGAR'S CHRISTMAS TREES
50¢


HUH?
I SAID, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!

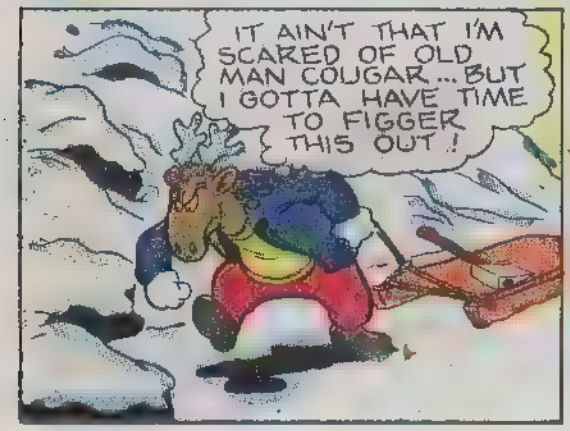
I LEASED THE WOODS THIS YEAR, AN' IF YOU WANT ANY TREES I'VE GOT ALL YOU WANT... FOR FIFTY CENTS EACH!

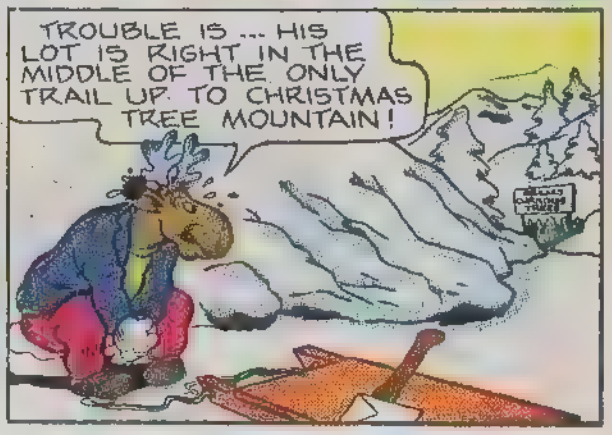
YA MEAN, IF WE WANT A CHRISTMAS TREE, WE GOTTA BUY IT FROM YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT, McELK!

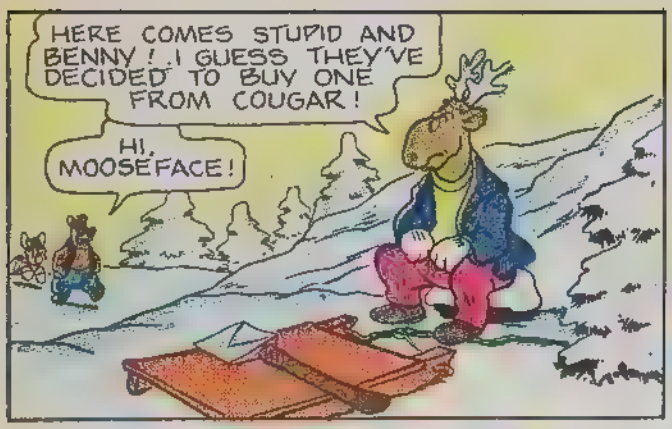

AW... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU STOP...
JUST A MINUTE! I RAN BARNEY OUT OF MY WOODS THIS MORNING...

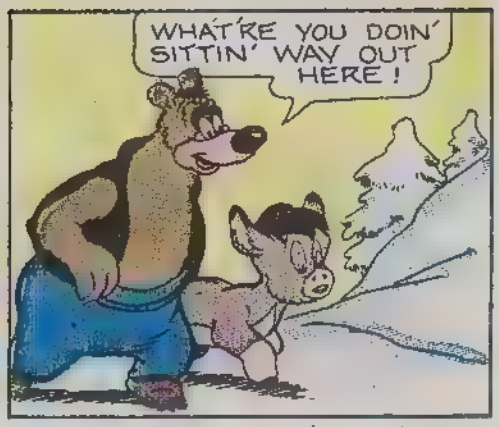

AN' UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET DE-HORNED... JUST STAY OFF O' MY PROP'ITY!

DO I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THREATENING ME, COUGAR?
YOU CATCH ON QUICK!
COUGAR'S CHRISTMAS TREES


IT AIN'T THAT I'M SCARED OF OLD MAN COUGAR... BUT I GOTTA HAVE TIME TO FIGGER THIS OUT!

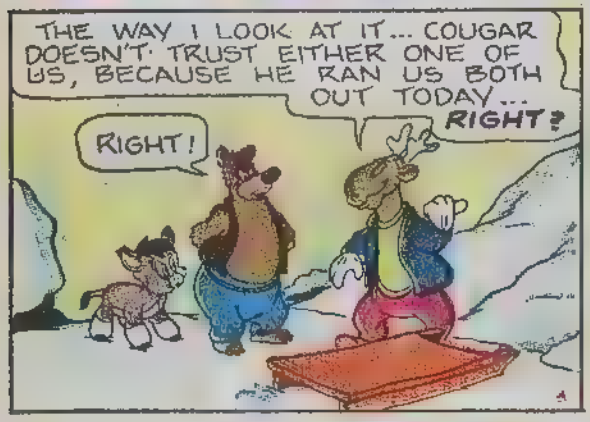

TROUBLE IS... HIS LOT IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ONLY TRAIL UP TO CHRISTMAS TREE MOUNTAIN!

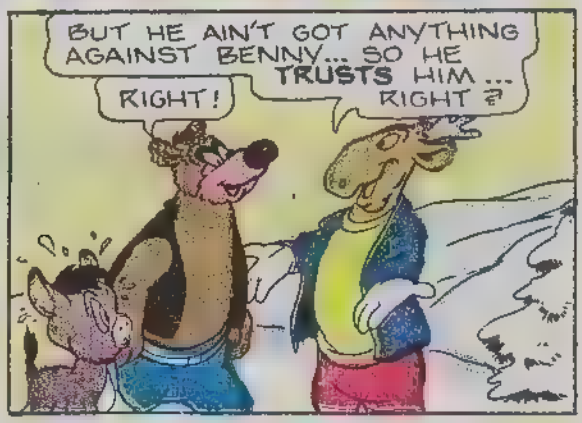

HERE COMES STUPID AND BENNY! I GUESS THEY'VE DECIDED TO BUY ONE FROM COUGAR!
HI, MOOSEFACE!

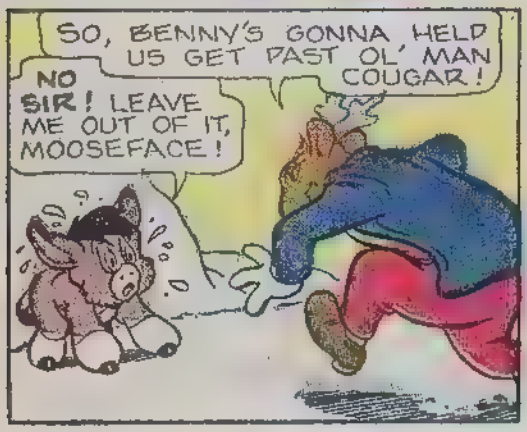

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' SITTIN' WAY OUT HERE!

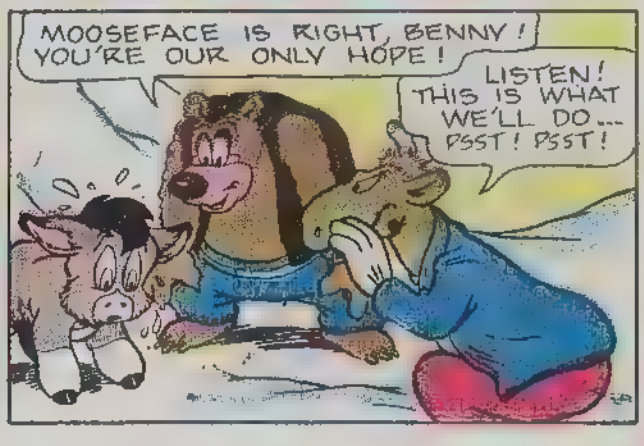
I'M TRYIN' TO THINK OF A WAY TO OUTWIT OLD COUGAR... AN' SEEIN' YOU TWO, GIVES ME AN IDEA!

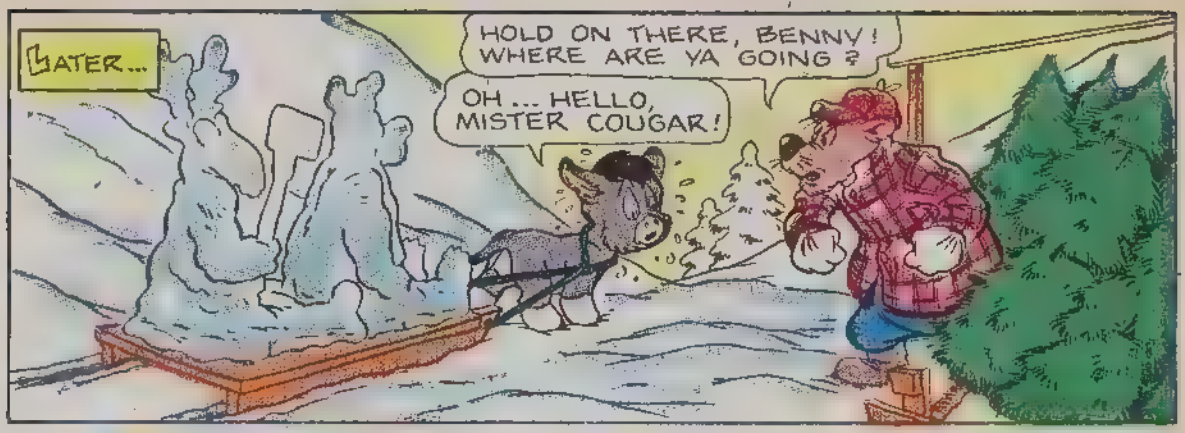
YOU GOT IT FIGGERED OUT?
YEP!

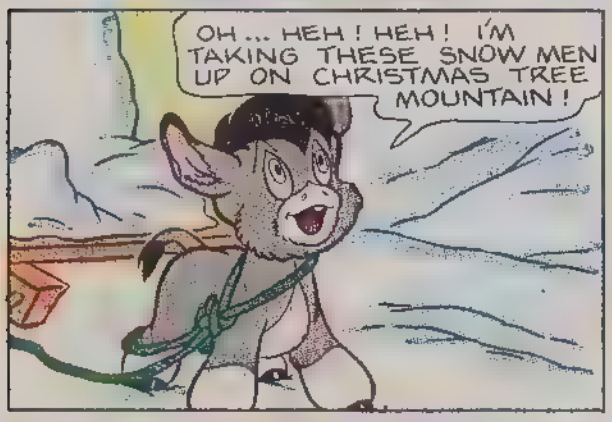

THE WAY I LOOK AT IT... COUGAR DOESN'T TRUST EITHER ONE OF US, BECAUSE HE RAN US BOTH OUT TODAY... RIGHT?
RIGHT!

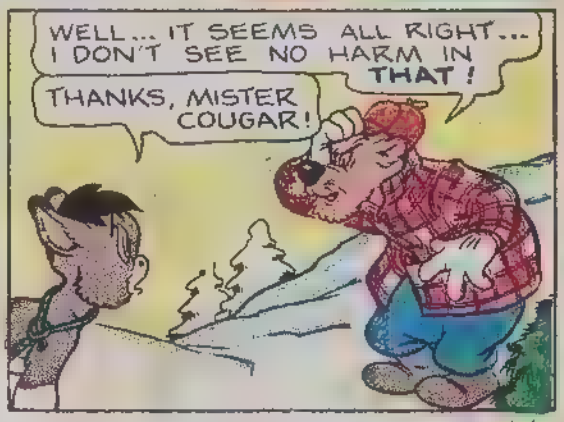

BUT HE AIN'T GOT ANYTHING AGAINST BENNY... SO HE TRUSTS HIM... RIGHT?
RIGHT!

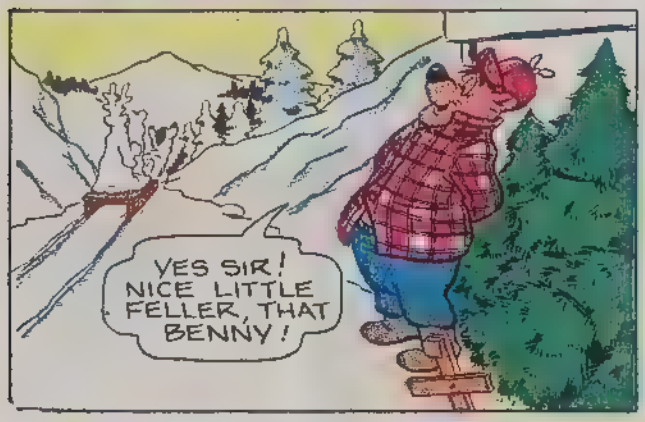

SO, BENNY'S GONNA HELP US GET PAST OL' MAN COUGAR!
NO SIR! LEAVE ME OUT OF IT, MOOSEFACE!

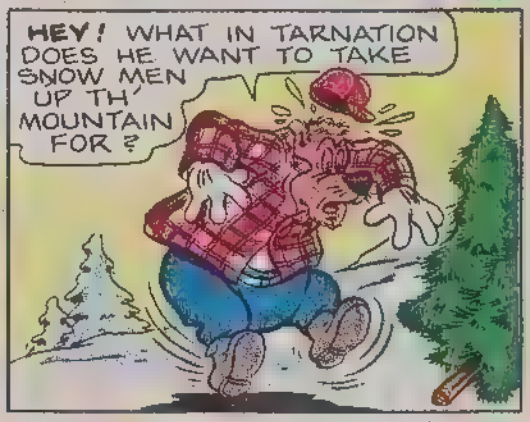

MOOSEFACE IS RIGHT, BENNY! YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!
LISTEN! THIS IS WHAT WE'LL DO... PSST! PSST!

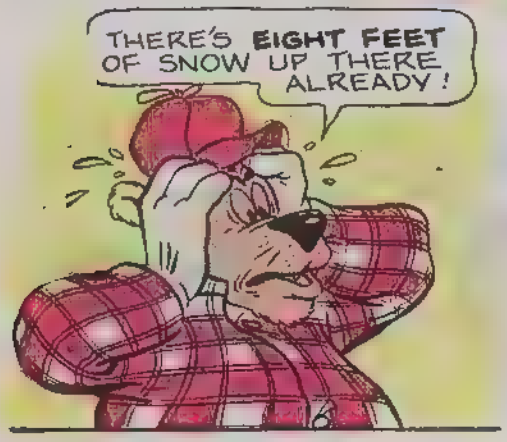

LATER...
HOLD ON THERE, BENNY! WHERE ARE YA GOING?
OH... HELLO, MISTER COUGAR!


OH... HEH! HEH! I'M TAKING THESE SNOW MEN UP ON CHRISTMAS TREE MOUNTAIN!


WELL... IT SEEMS ALL RIGHT... I DON'T SEE NO HARM IN THAT!
THANKS, MISTER COUGAR!

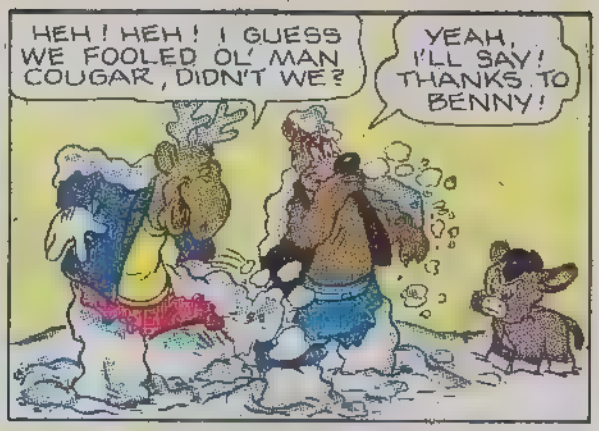

YES SIR! NICE LITTLE FELLER, THAT BENNY!

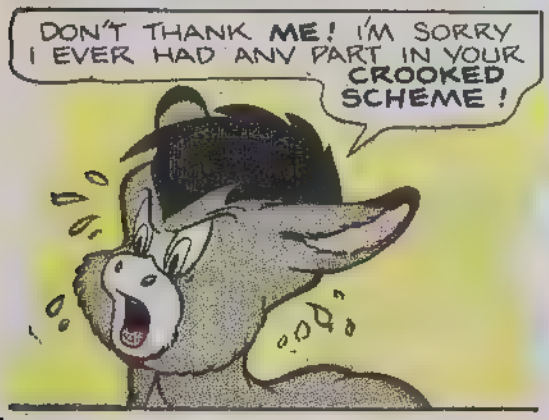

HEY! WHAT IN TARNATION DOES HE WANT TO TAKE SNOW MEN UP TH' MOUNTAIN FOR?

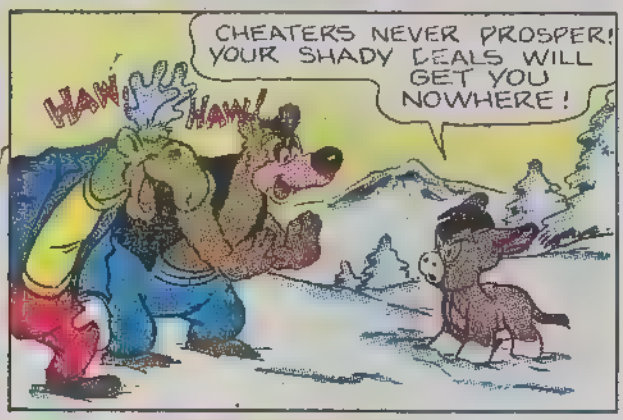

THERE'S EIGHT FEET OF SNOW UP THERE ALREADY!

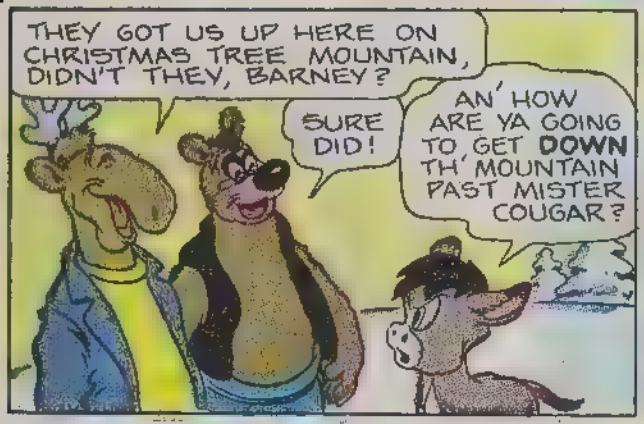
WELL... AS LONG AS IT AIN'T NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE, I SHOULD WORRY!
50¢

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... WE'RE HERE! YOU CAN GET OUT AND SHAKE TH' SNOW OFF!

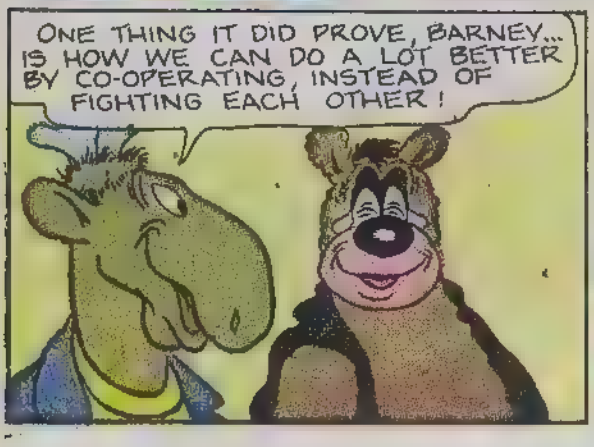

HEH! HEH! I GUESS WE FOOLED OL' MAN COUGAR, DIDN'T WE?
YEAH, I'LL SAY! THANKS TO BENNY!


DON'T THANK **ME!** I'M SORRY I EVER HAD ANY PART IN YOUR **CROOKED SCHEME!**


CHEATERS NEVER PROSPER! YOUR SHADY DEALS WILL GET YOU NOWHERE!
HAW!
HAW!

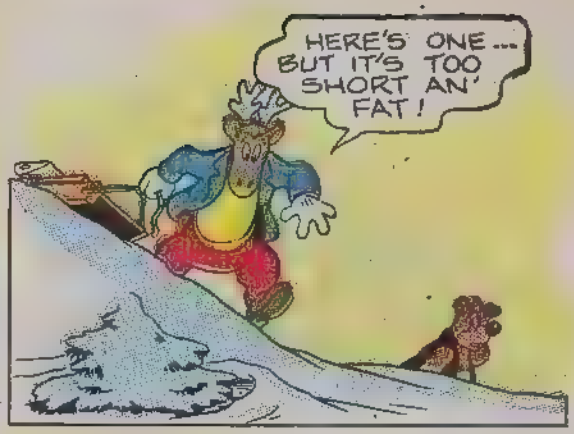

THEY GOT US UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS TREE MOUNTAIN, DIDN'T THEY, BARNEY?
SURE DID!
AN' HOW ARE YA GOING TO GET **DOWN** TH' MOUNTAIN PAST MISTER COUGAR?

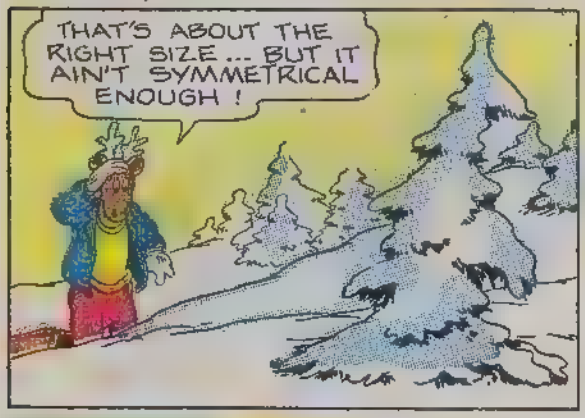
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT, WHEN WE COME TO IT!

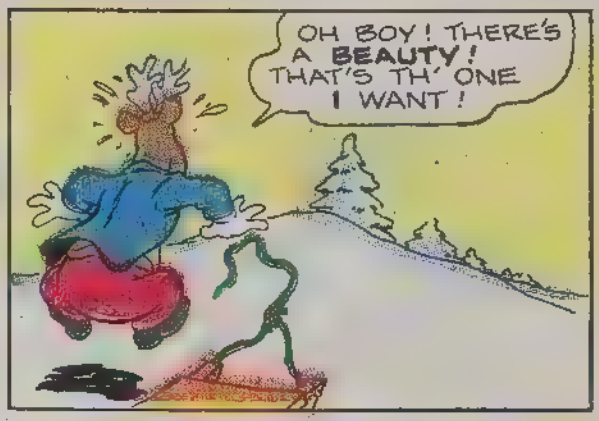

ONE THING IT DID PROVE, BARNEY... IS HOW WE CAN DO A LOT BETTER BY CO-OPERATING, INSTEAD OF FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

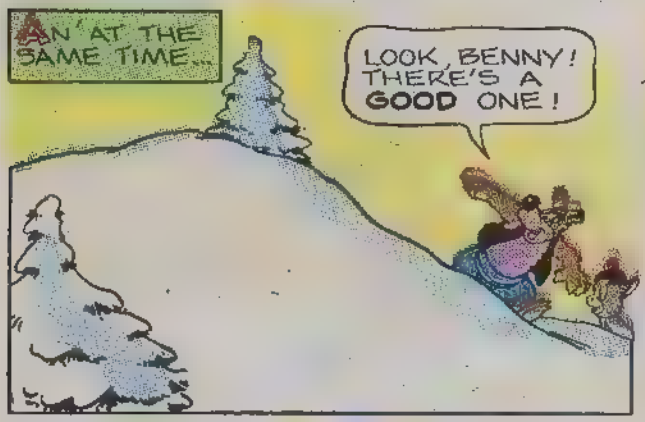
YEAH! LET'S RESOLVE NEVER TO FIGHT AGAIN!
SHAKE!
THIS I'VE GOTTA **SEE!**

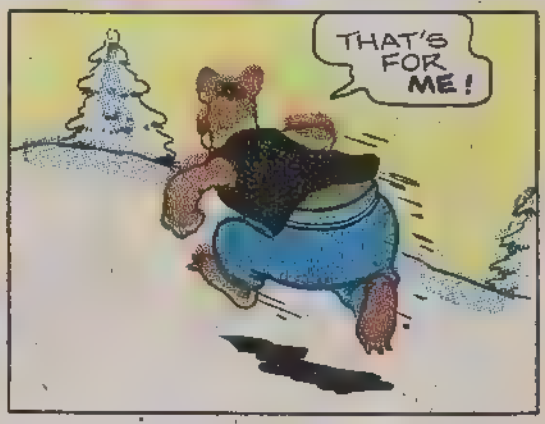
LET'S START CO-OPERATING BY LOOKING FOR A GOOD TREE TOGETHER!
THIS ONE'S TOO SKINNY!

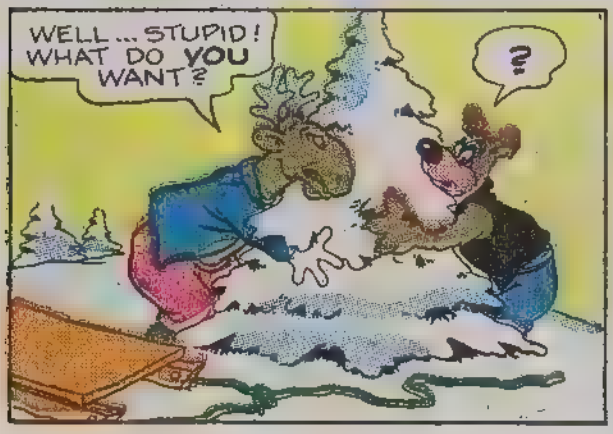

HERE'S ONE... BUT IT'S TOO SHORT AN' FAT!

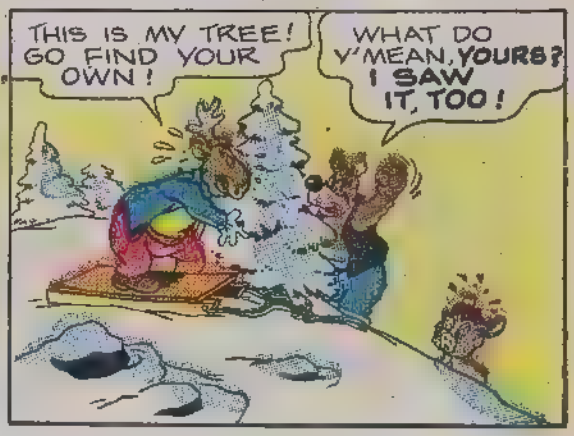

THAT'S ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE... BUT IT AIN'T SYMMETRICAL ENOUGH!

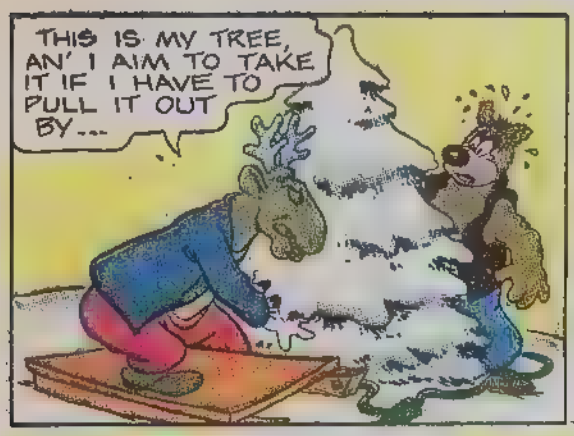

OH BOY! THERE'S A BEAUTY! THAT'S TH' ONE I WANT!

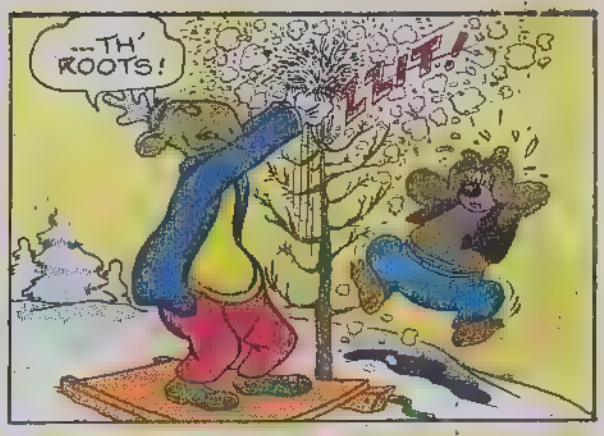

AN' AT THE SAME TIME...
LOOK, BENNY! THERE'S A GOOD ONE!

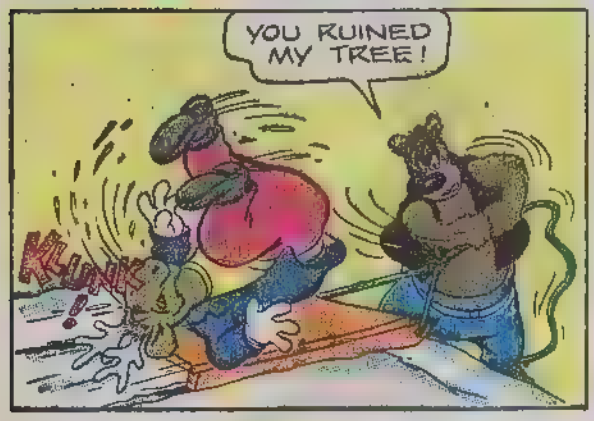

THAT'S FOR ME!

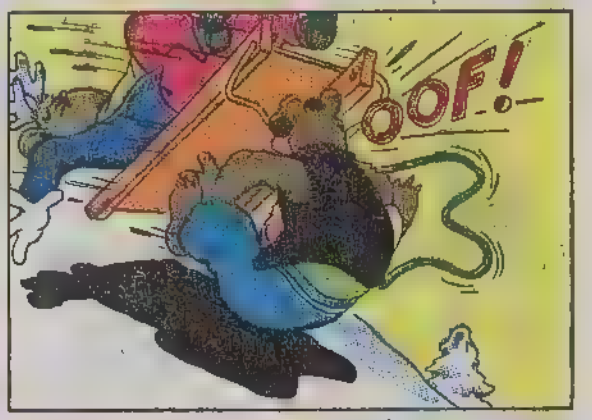

WELL... STUPID! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
?

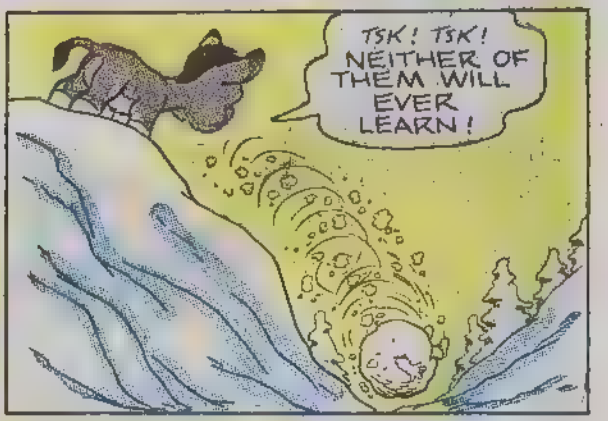

THIS IS MY TREE! GO FIND YOUR OWN!
WHAT DO Y'MEAN, YOURS? I SAW IT, TOO!









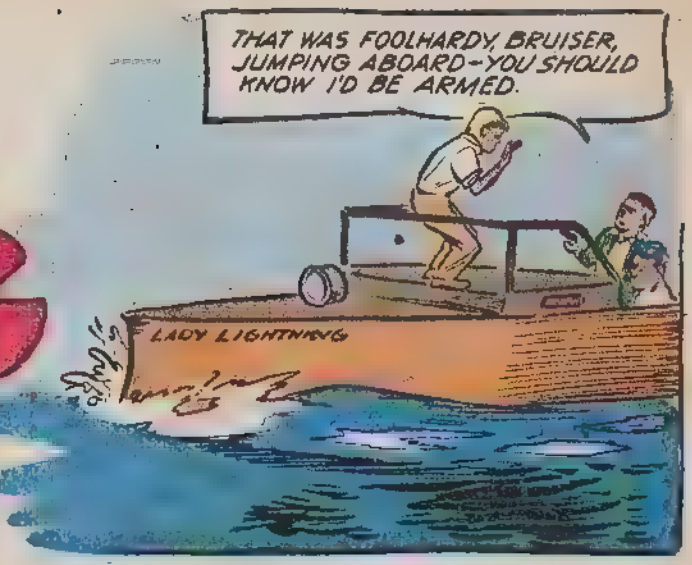


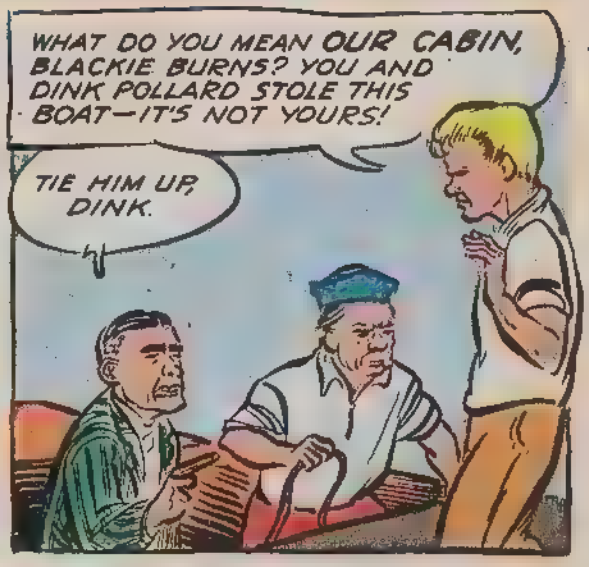
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

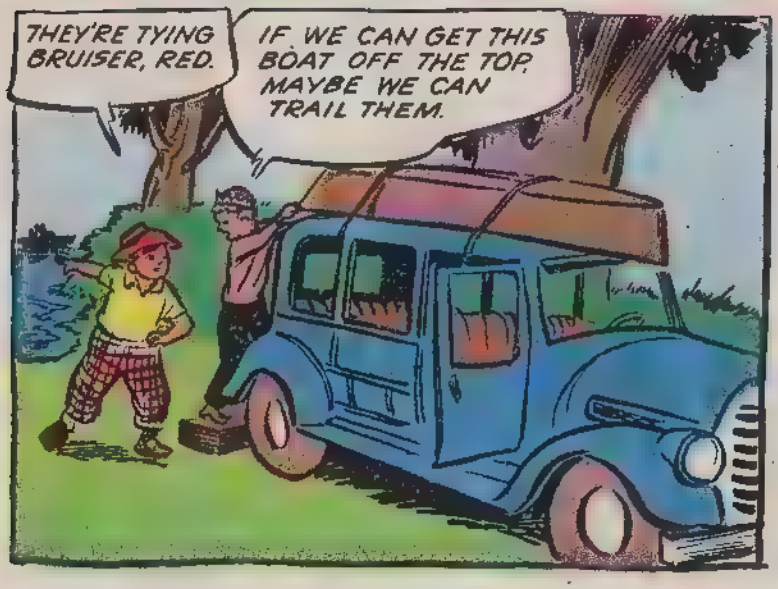
MGM presents

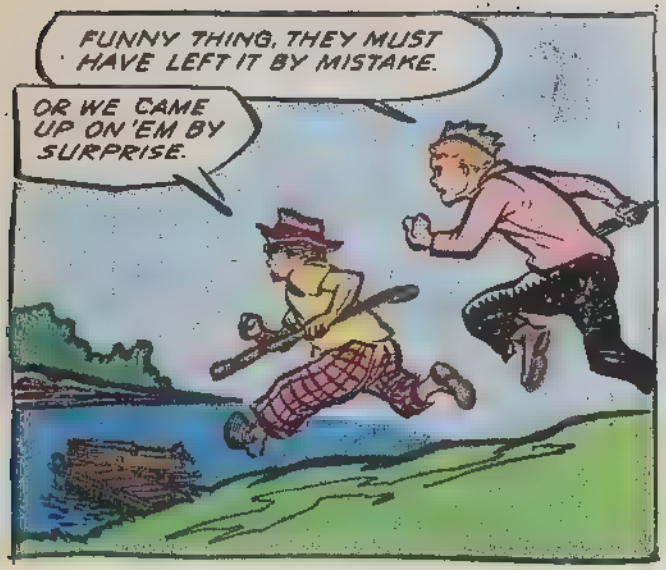
OUR GANG

BRUISER CONNOR WITH RED AND EGGHEAD ARE ON THE TRAIL OF TWO RIVER PIRATES WHO HAVE STOLEN BRUISER'S BOAT.

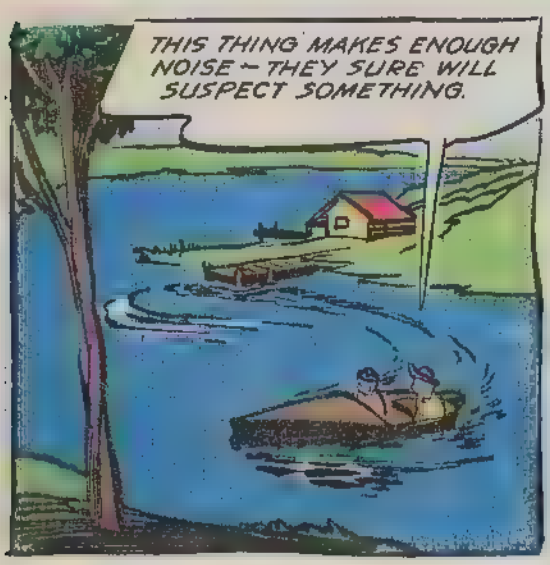


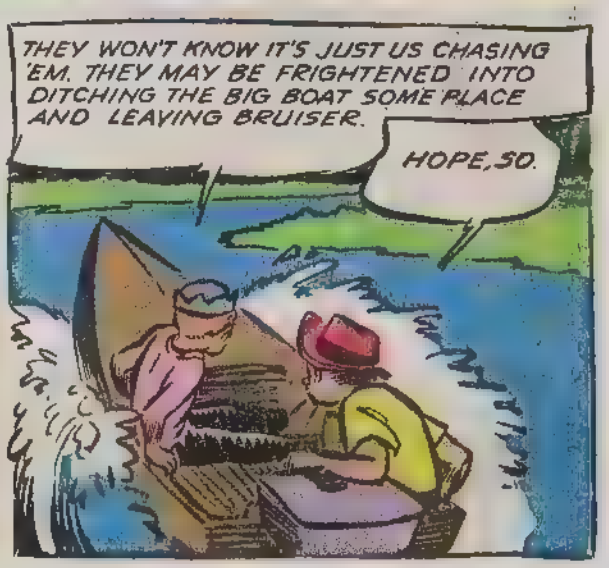


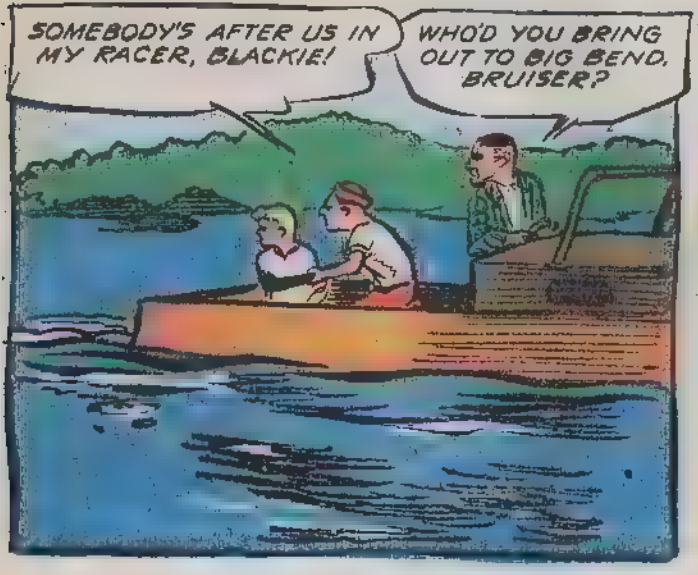



FUNNY THING, THEY MUST HAVE LEFT IT BY MISTAKE.
OR WE CAME UP ON 'EM BY SURPRISE.

RUDDER CORD O.K.?
YEP, I'M GOING TO START HER.


THIS THING MAKES ENOUGH NOISE — THEY SURE WILL SUSPECT SOMETHING.


THEY WON'T KNOW IT'S JUST US CHASING 'EM. THEY MAY BE FRIGHTENED INTO DITCHING THE BIG BOAT SOME PLACE AND LEAVING BRUISER.
HOPE, SO.

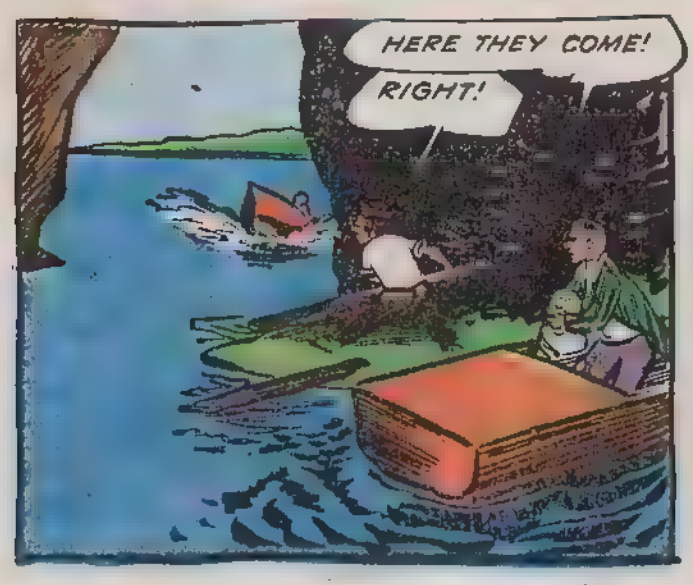

SOMEBODY'S AFTER US IN MY RACER, BLACKIE!
WHO'D YOU BRING OUT TO BIG BEND, BRUISER?

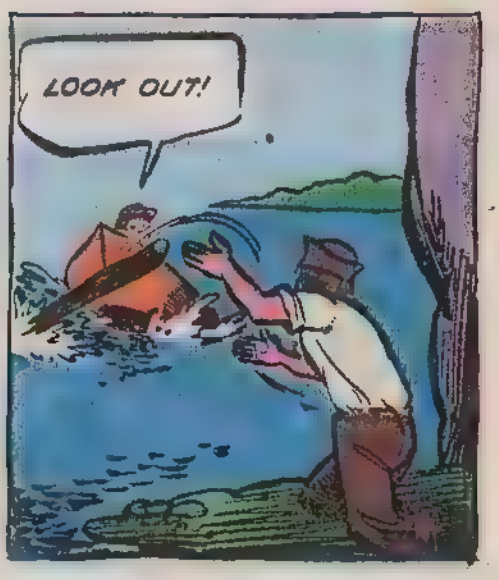
THE SHERIFF AND ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES — AND THEY'VE GOT HIGH-POWERED RIFLES.

THAT'S OKAY—JUST STEER US THROUGH NEEDLE'S EYE INLET, BLACKIE, AND ANCHOR BEHIND THE ROCKS—I'LL SHOW YOU A TRICK.

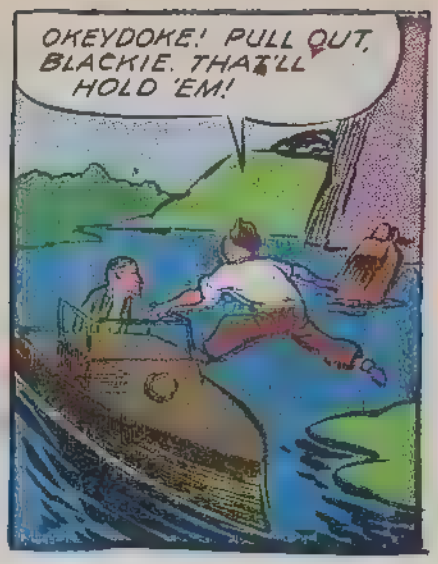
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

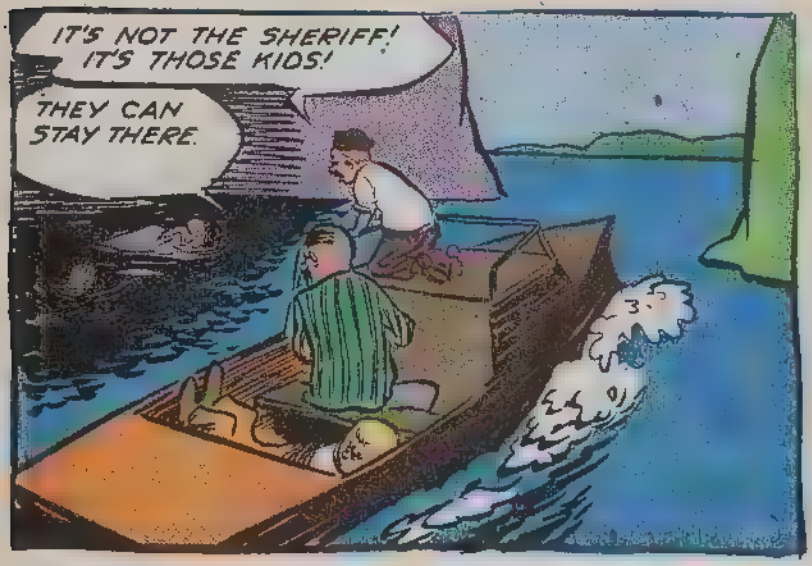
DON'T WORRY—I'M GOING TO SHOVE ONE OF THESE DRIFT LOGS ACROSS THE ENTRANCE.
THEY DUCKED THROUGH NEEDLE'S EYE.

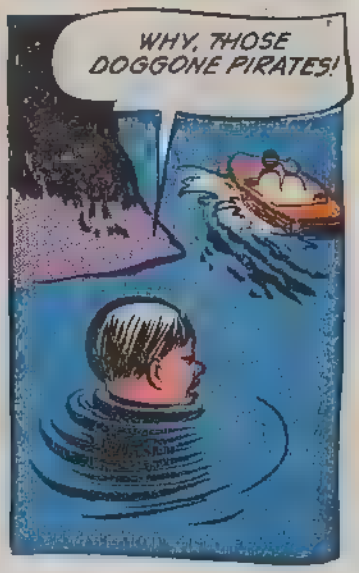

HERE THEY COME!
RIGHT!

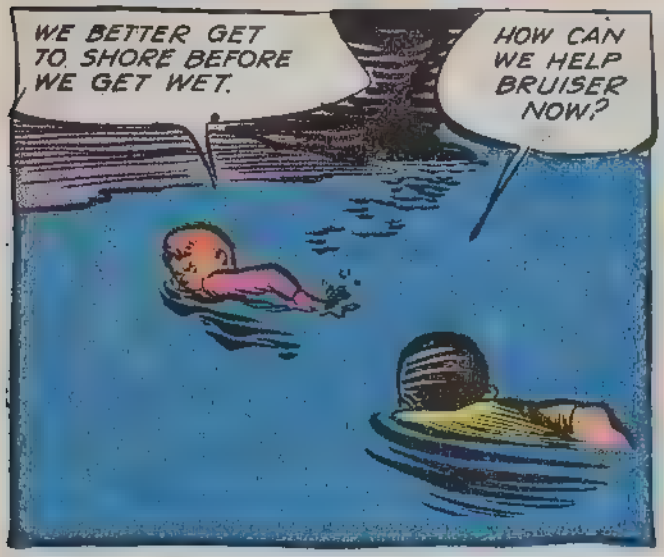

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

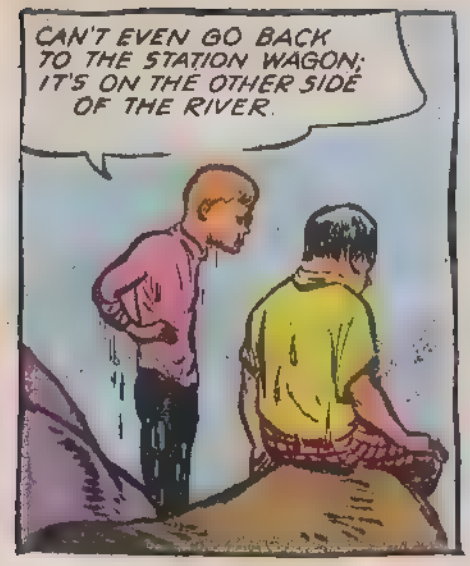

OKEYDOKE! PULL OUT, BLACKIE. THAT'LL HOLD 'EM!

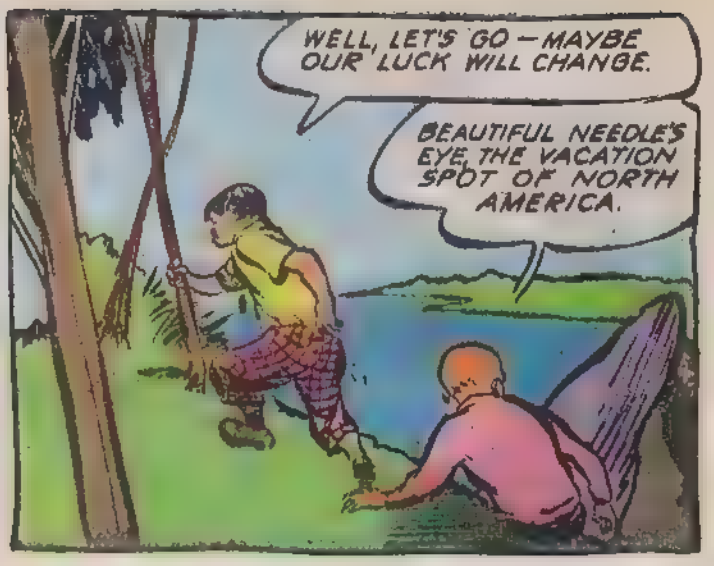

IT'S NOT THE SHERIFF! IT'S THOSE KIDS!
THEY CAN STAY THERE.

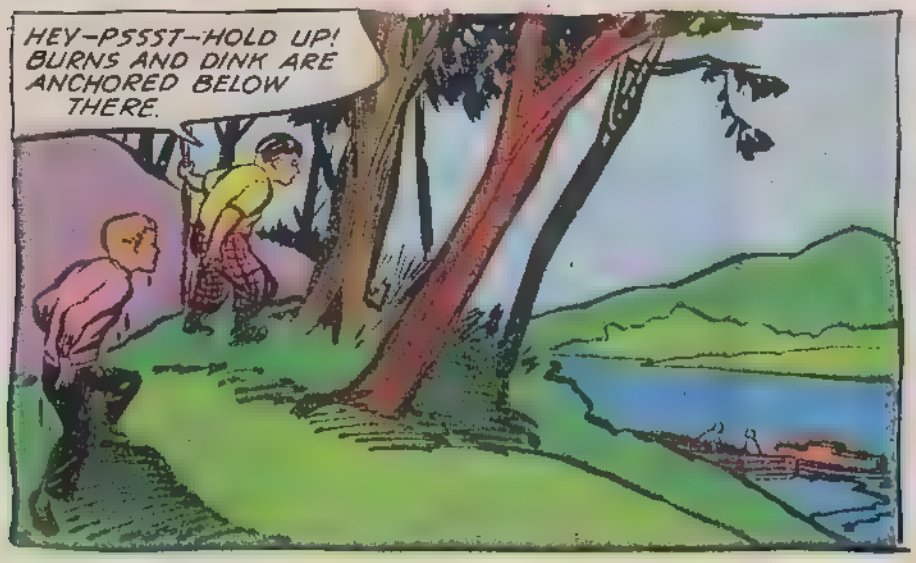

WHY, THOSE DOGGONE PIRATES!


WE BETTER GET TO SHORE BEFORE WE GET WET.
HOW CAN WE HELP BRUISER NOW?

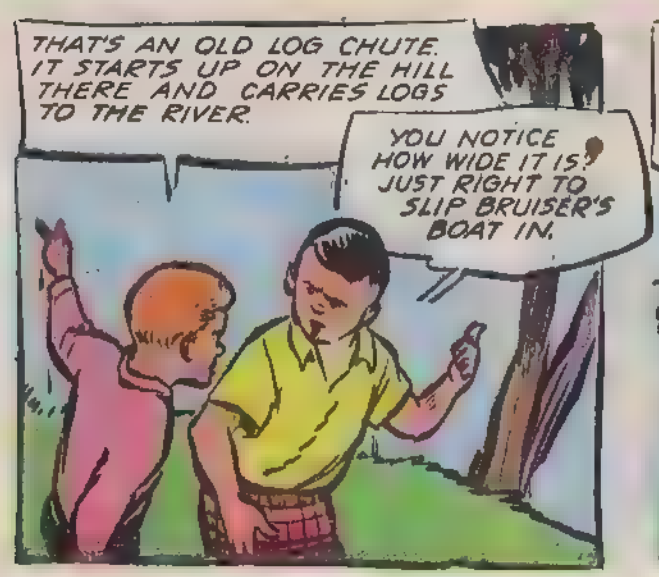
NOTHING TO DO BUT HEAD FOR THE NEAREST TOWN AND PHONE THE POLICE.
THAT'LL TAKE HOURS!


CAN'T EVEN GO BACK TO THE STATION WAGON; IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.

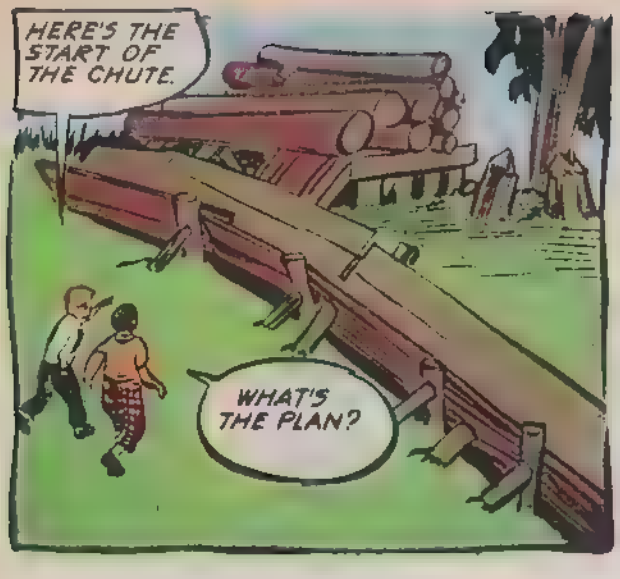

WELL, LET'S GO — MAYBE OUR LUCK WILL CHANGE.
BEAUTIFUL NEEDLE'S EYE, THE VACATION SPOT OF NORTH AMERICA.

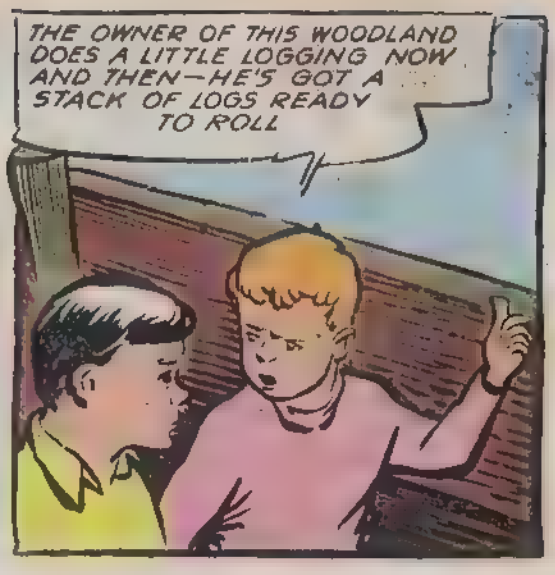

HEY—PSSST—HOLD UP! BURNS AND DINK ARE ANCHORED BELOW THERE.

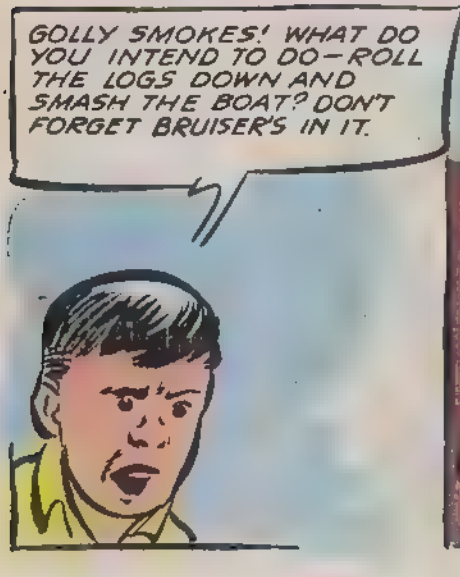
THEY DIDN'T GO FAR— WHAT ARE THEY POKIN' AROUND THERE FOR?

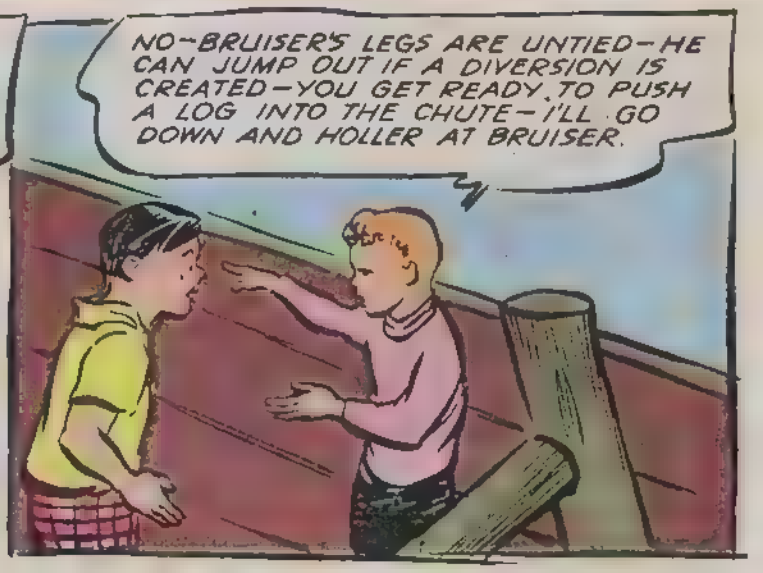

THAT'S AN OLD LOG CHUTE. IT STARTS UP ON THE HILL THERE AND CARRIES LOGS TO THE RIVER.
YOU NOTICE HOW WIDE IT IS? JUST RIGHT TO SLIP BRUISER'S BOAT IN.

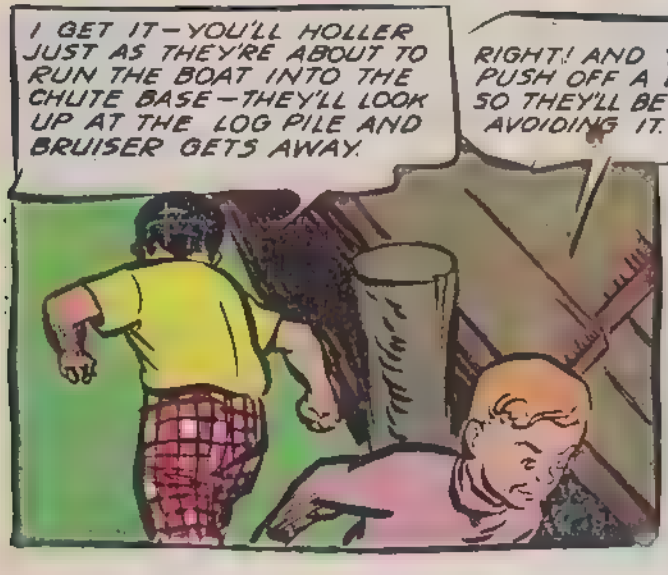
THEY'RE GOING TO HIDE THE BOAT IN THERE FOR A SUDDEN ATTACK ON THE RIVER BOAT "DEXTER." COME ON.


HERE'S THE START OF THE CHUTE.
WHAT'S THE PLAN?


THE OWNER OF THIS WOODLAND DOES A LITTLE LOGGING NOW AND THEN—HE'S GOT A STACK OF LOGS READY TO ROLL

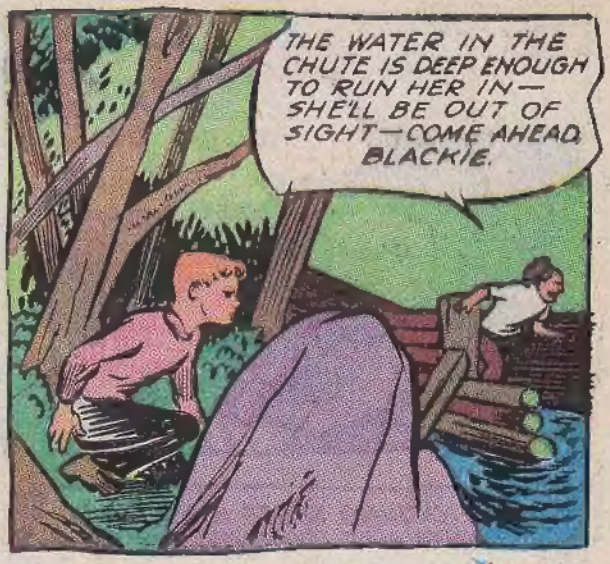

GOLLY SMOKES! WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO—ROLL THE LOGS DOWN AND SMASH THE BOAT? DON'T FORGET BRUISER'S IN IT.

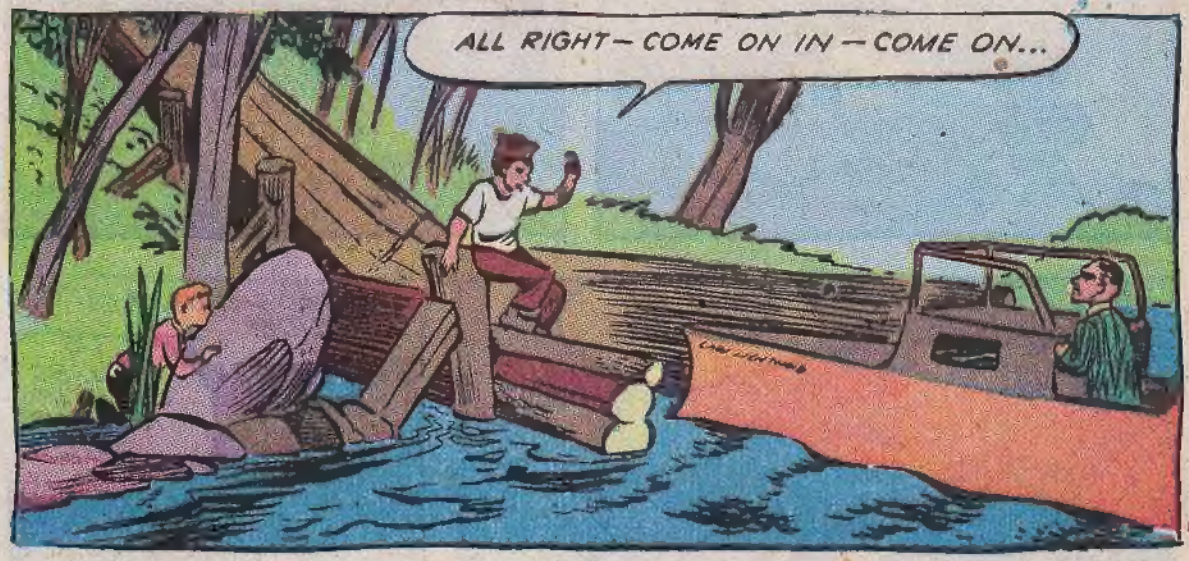

NO—BRUISER'S LEGS ARE UNTIED—HE CAN JUMP OUT IF A DIVERSION IS CREATED—YOU GET READY TO PUSH A LOG INTO THE CHUTE—I'LL GO DOWN AND HOLLER AT BRUISER.

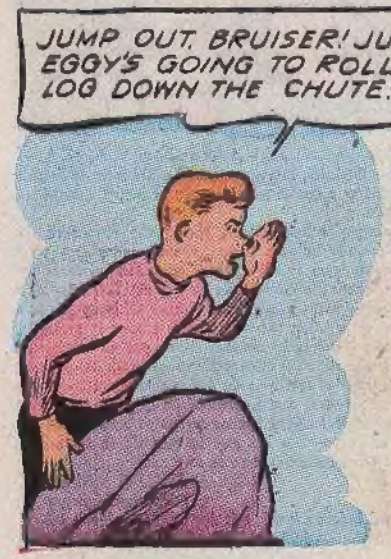

I GET IT—YOU'LL HOLLER JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO RUN THE BOAT INTO THE CHUTE BASE—THEY'LL LOOK UP AT THE LOG PILE AND BRUISER GETS AWAY.
RIGHT! AND YOU PUSH OFF A LOG SO THEY'LL BE BUSY AVOIDING IT.

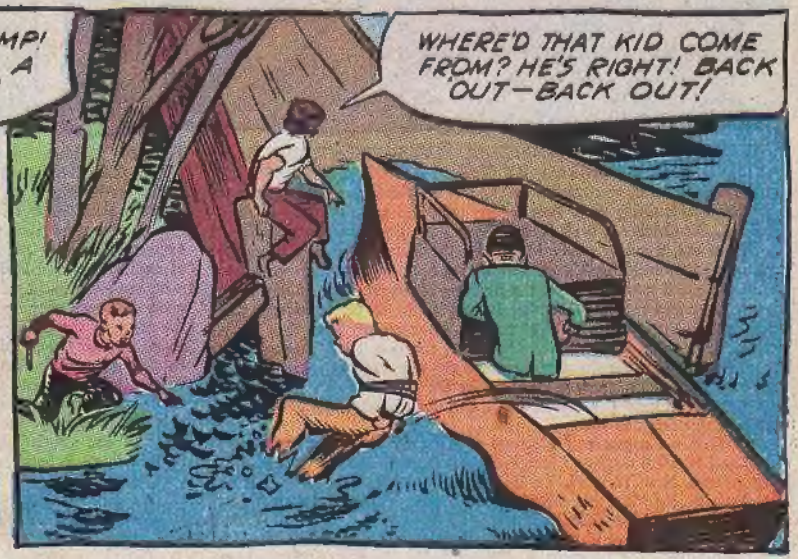
OH, SURE, THIS'LL BE EASY—I'LL JUST REMOVE THOSE CHUCKS.

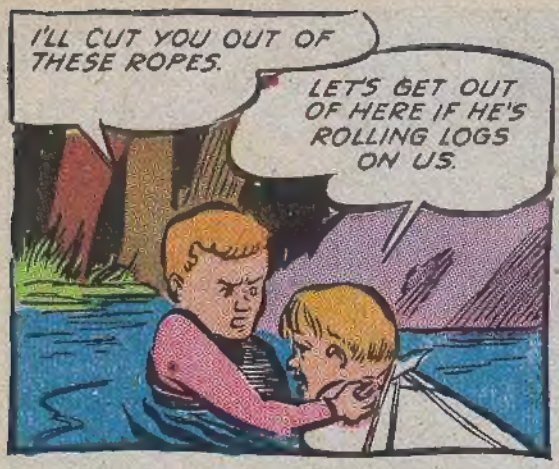
I'VE GOT TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT.

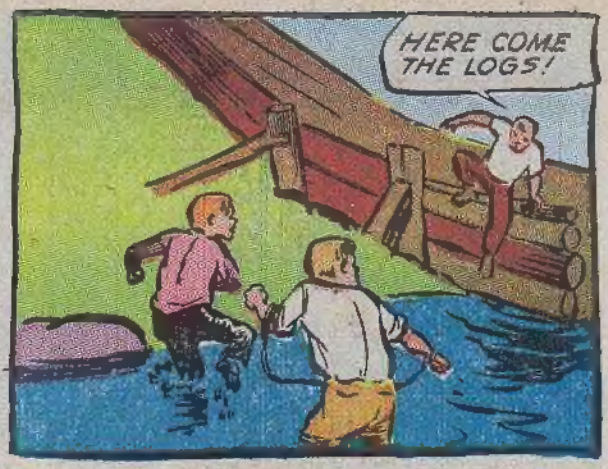

THE WATER IN THE CHUTE IS DEEP ENOUGH TO RUN HER IN— SHE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT—COME AHEAD, BLACKIE.

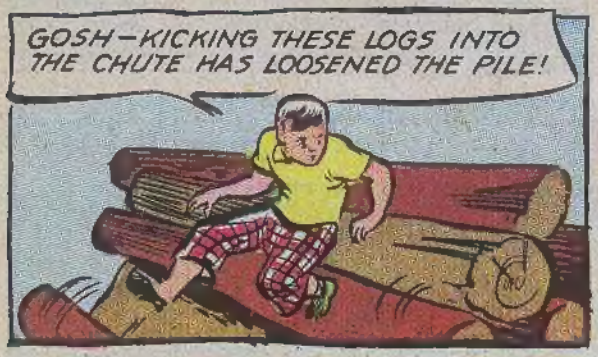

ALL RIGHT—COME ON IN—COME ON...


JUMP OUT, BRUISER! JUMP! EGGY'S GOING TO ROLL A LOG DOWN THE CHUTE!


WHERE'D THAT KID COME FROM? HE'S RIGHT! BACK OUT—BACK OUT!







TO BE CONTINUED.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948, State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly, or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption), required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

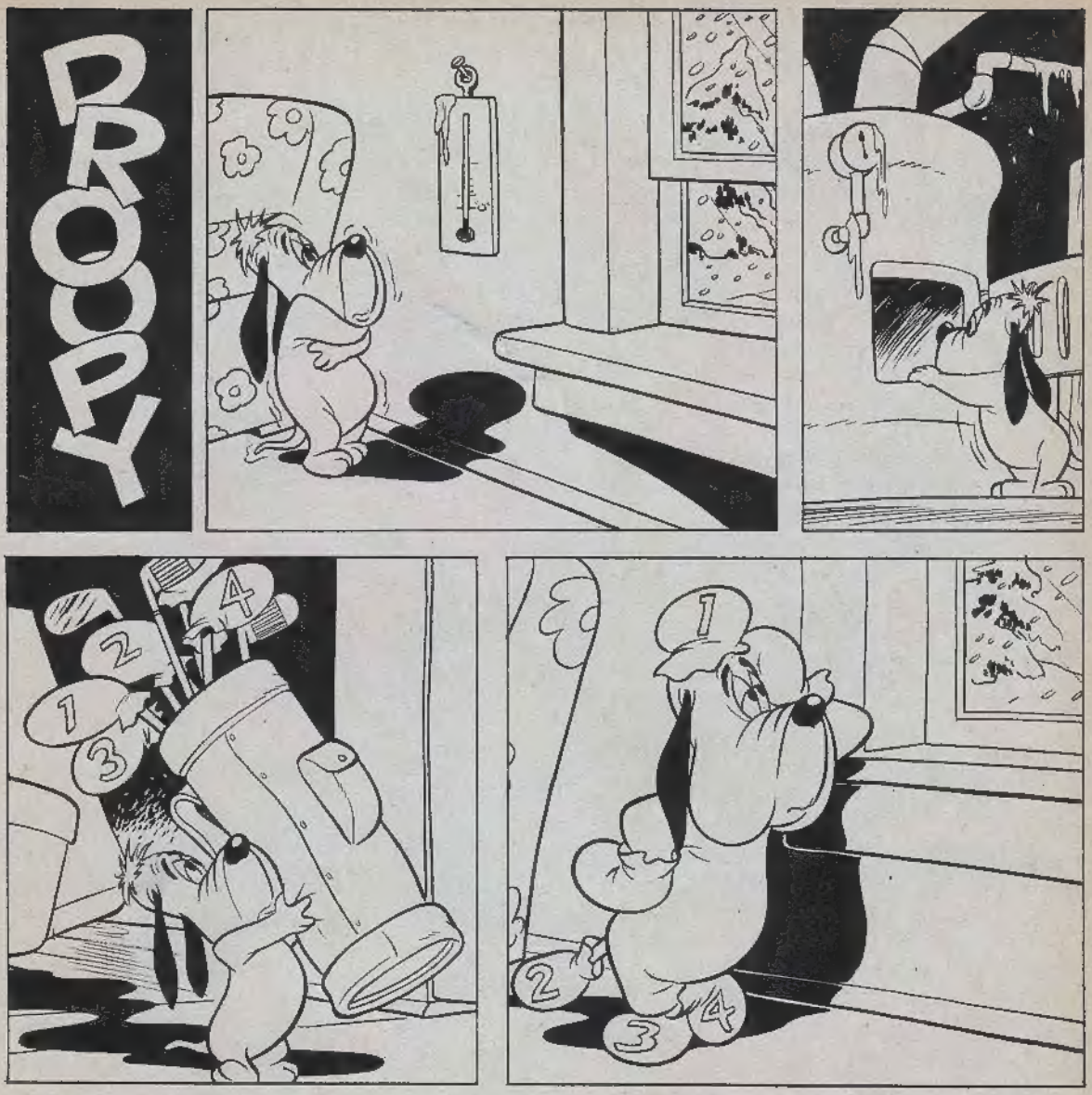
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(*Signed*) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948
JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)
(SEAL) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1950)



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